

THE OLD WHITE SOX WERE BEST
Illinois U Library

Chicago

SCORE CARD										
WHITE SOX										
17. Corrasquel, ss	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
2. Fox, 2b										
9. Minoso, lf										
1. Kell, 3b										
7. Rivera, cf										
8. Drapo, 1b										
27. Marshall, rf										
10. Lollar, c										
P										
										
1-Kell	7-Rivera	11-Courtney	17-Corrasquel	21-Jak	28-Chakales	35-McGhee				
2-Fox	8-Drapo	12-Dorish	18-Norman	23-Trucks	29-Harshman	36-Martin				
3-Bri'water	9-Minoso	13-Keegan	19-Piero	25-Gray	30-Mer'man	42-Jackson				
5-Groth	10-Lollar	14-Farniales	20-Cons'gra	27-Marshall	31-Donovan	44-Cav'nta				
Manager: 4-Morton	Coaches: 14-Wilber;	34-Myatt;	37-Berros;	39-Gutteridge						

A ROBBER'S COMPLAINT:
crime pays the cops

INSTITUTE OF DESIGN:
a revolution in crisis

25 cents / July 1955

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Fleischmann's Bond
is 6 YEARS OLD
. . . to make every
drink more delicious
than ever!"

**KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY**
BOTTLED IN BOND . . . 100 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP.,
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY



PAGE 4



Chicago / July 1955

CONTRIBUTORS

"Institute of Design: the Rocky Road from the Bauhaus," was compiled by John Chancellor, once a newspaperman and for the past five years a reporter and writer for the National Broadcasting company.

The author of "Nonna's Pet," Rocco Fumento, is a native of Massachusetts who now teaches English at the University of Illinois. Last year he published a novel about Italy: "Devil by the Tail."

James Darwell ("A Robber's Complaint: Crime Pays the Cops") is the pseudonym of a free lance writer who knows a lot of cops and robbers.

James T. Farrell, Studs Terkel, M. J. Conroy, Helen Rommel, Don Roth, Charles F. Chaplin, Nat "King" Cole, Robert E. Merriam and Amos Alonzo Stagg constitute an incongruous but reasonably authoritative panel for a baseball symposium: "The Old White Sox Were Best."

COVER

White Sox outfielder Jim Rivera was photographed surrounding a chaw of tobacco by Don Bronstein. Rivera was then himself surrounded with bounding balls by designer Morton Goldsholl.

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What Comes Off Here

A native American theatrical medium is fused with a singular blend of oriental and European dance forms in a small studio above a tavern at State and Erie. There, under the rigid direction of a lithe native of Hong Kong, 15 ambitious strip-teasers learn to raise themselves above the crowd and the union scale by mastering "plastic modern movement." This basic technique is also taught to Kim On Wong's other 25 students — show girls, singers, male dancers and some people intent only on developing graceful bodies. Kim was born 33 years ago to a Chinese father and an English mother. He has performed thruout the Far East and the Americas, but regards refining of "plastic modern" as his real life's work.

Right: By direction and example, Kim helps "exotic" dancer Miss Texas work out a routine for her act at the Silver Frolics. All of his students are taught the basic style he has developed, as well as specialized dynamics for their particular purposes.



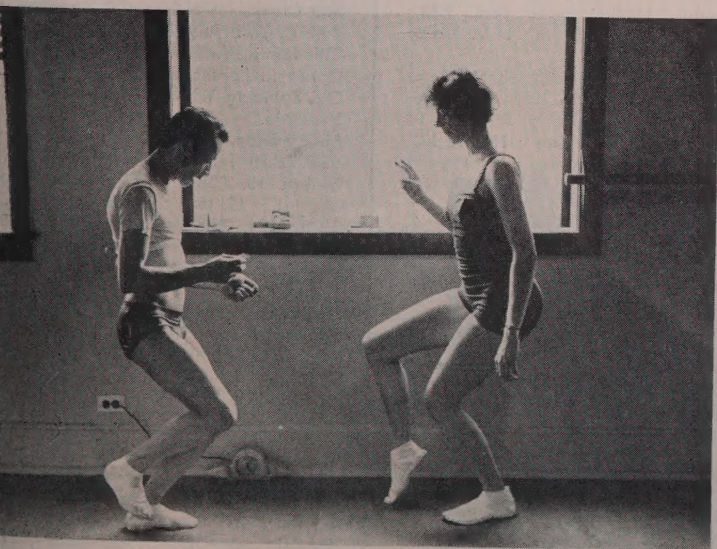
Group class in plastic modern includes, left to right: GeeGee Moré, a former waitress who came from Los Angeles to study with Kim; Pat Webster, Silver Frolics show girl who is working on a Latin routine for a club act; stripper Miss Texas, and Robert Del Rio, dancer in from New Orleans.



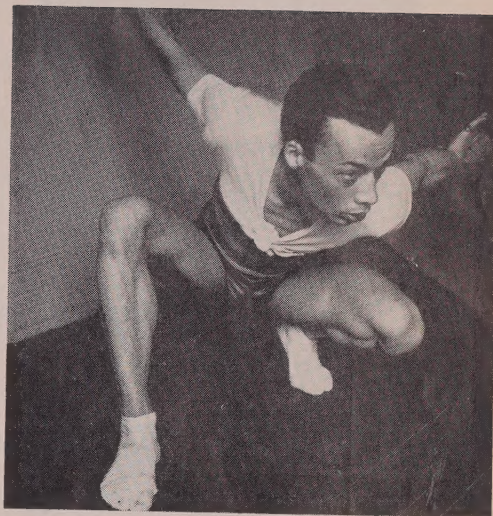
Miss Webster, a young college graduate new to show business, stretches prettily in a moment of relaxation. She habitually travels between her nearby apartment and the school with only a coat over her leopard skin bathing suit, drawing especially interested glances on windy day

ns in artful doffing are one of the lures
that bring show people from all over the country
Kim On Wong's unusual dancing school.

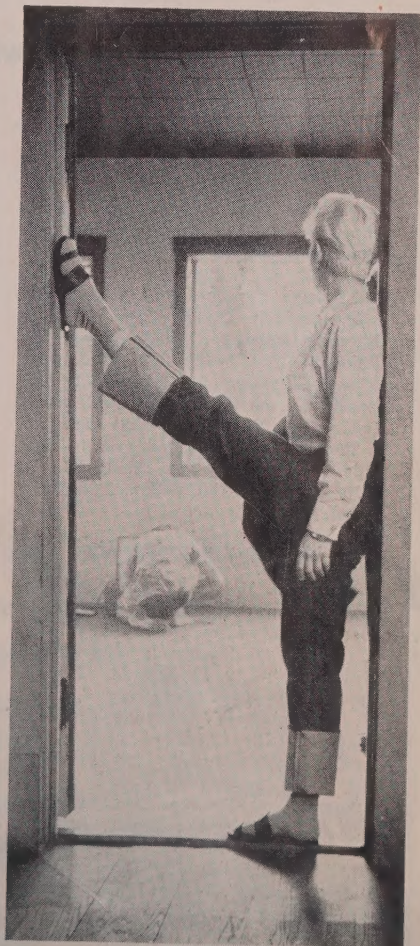
photographs by Don Bronstein



ring a class break, Kim and Pat Webster improvise a non-plastic modern
outine. Kim's students say his methods bring extension and general
ysical development quicker than comparable forms like ballet. Kim was
ined in oriental dance forms from the age of 5. He came here in 1939
h the first Balinese troupe to tour the United States.



Kim On Wong often dances in Buddhist temples
and at oriental folk festivals. His left ear lobe
is pierced to display a diamond given him by
Los Angeles group for religious dancing.



Students' uniformly high esprit leads
them to assume dance positions when
they could be just standing around.
Miss Moré finds the doorway a con-
venient frame for a geometric stance.

WHAT

GOES ON HERE



listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

The Tender Trap, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). A sophisticated farce about a bachelor, an apartment and girls, with K. T. Stevens, Kent Smith and Russell Nye. Nightly, 8:30 (Tue., 7:30); mat. Sat., 2:30.

Cinerama Holiday, Eitel's Palace, 159 Randolph (AN 3-0055). A sequel to "This Is Cinerama" that follows a Swiss couple thru the U.S. and a couple from Kansas City thru Europe and includes a 90-mile-an-hour bobsled ride in the Alps. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

Northwestern University, Speech building, Evanston campus (UN 4-1907). Outdoor summer season of comedy. July 1, 7, 13, 17 & 23, Sheridan's "She Stoops to Conquer"; 2, 9, 14, 20 & 24, "Amphitryon 38" by Jean Giraudoux; 3, 15 & 21, Aristophanes' "The Birds"; 6, 10, 16 & 22, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," by Beaumont and Fletcher. 8:30 p.m.

University of Chicago, Court theater, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). An outdoor summer drama festival of Moliere. July 1 thru 4, 7 thru 10, "The Doctor in Spite of Himself"; 14 thru 17, 22 thru 24, "Le Mariage Forcé"; 28 thru 31, "Les Precieuses Ridicules." 8:30 p.m.

summer theaters

(Summer theater programs are sub-

ject to abrupt change, so it is best to check before starting out).

Drury Lane, 97th & Western (HI 5-2666). Thru July 10, Brian Donlevy in "The King of Hearts." Following show to be announced. Nightly except Mon., 8:30. For dining, the Martinique, next door.

Fox Valley, Arcadia theater bldg., St. Charles (St. Charles 5203). July 1 thru 11, "Showboat"; 12 thru 25, "Look, Ma, I'm Dancing"; opening July 26, "Song of Norway." Nightly except Sun., 8:30. For dining, the Log Cabin, 1 w. Main st., St. Charles.

Michiana theater, Michiana Shores, Ind. (Michigan City 2-5858). July 1 thru 3, "The Man Who Came to Dinner"; 6 thru 10, "My Three Angels"; 13 thru 17,

"A Streetcar Named Desire"; 20 thru 24, "The Moon is Blue"; 27 thru 31, "The Corn is Green." 8:30 p.m. For dining, the Italian Village, 1710 Franklin, Michigan City, Ind.

Music theater, County Line rd. & Skokie, Highland Park (BR 4-7447). July 1 thru 7, "Best Foot Forward"; 8 thru 24, "Guys and Dolls"; opening July 25, "Lady in the Dark." 8:30 p.m. For dining, the Villa Moderne, next door.

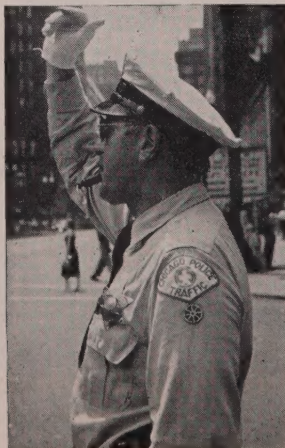
Salt Creek, 1st & Garfield, Hinsdale (BI 2-1492). Thru July 2, Shelley Winters in "Wedding Breakfast"; 4 thru 16, Eva Gabor in "Blithe Spirit." Dining at the Old Spinning Wheel, 421 e. Ogden av., Hinsdale.

Shady Lane, U.S. 20, Marengo (Marengo 925). Thru July 3, "Reclining Figure"; 5 thru 10, "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial"; 12 thru 17, "Sabrina Fair"; 19 thru 24, "His and Hers"; 26 thru 31, "Three on a Honeymoon." Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Dining at Shady Lane farm.

Tenthouse, 508 Central, Highland Park (Highland Park 2-1160). Thru July 10, "Sabrina Fair"; 12 thru 17, "Picnic"; 19 thru 24, "Oh Men! Oh Women!"; 26 thru 31, "The Rainmaker." Nightly except Mon., 8:40 (Sun., 7:40). Dining at Moraine hotel, 2501 Sheridan, Highland Park.

MUSIC

Ravinia festival, Ravinia park, Green Bay rd., Highland Park (ST 2-9696). Chicago Symphony orchestra. **July: 1 & 2.** Jorge Bolet, piano, soloist. **5 & 8**, Mischa



Elman, violin, soloist. **7 & 9**, Rudolph Serkin, piano, soloist. Eduard van Beinum, cond. **11 & 13**, jazz concerts by the Dave Brubeck quartet. **12 & 14**, "Daphnis and Chloë," Ravel, with Northwestern university summer chorus. **15 & 16**, Zadel Skolosky, piano, soloist, Pierre Monteux, cond. **19**, all-Tchaikovsky program, Vera Franceschi, piano, soloist. **21**, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Nancy Carr, soprano, Lillian Chookasian, contralto, John McCollum, tenor, Donald Gramm, bass baritone, soloists and Northwestern university summer chorus, Monteux, cond. **22 & 23**, Arthur Whittmore and Jack Lowe, duo-pianists, Morton Gould, cond. **26 & 28**, Eugene Istomin, piano, soloist. **29 & 30**, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, soloist, Enrique Jorda, cond. 8:30 p.m.

Grant Park Symphony orchestra, Grant Park band shell (HA 7-5252). **July: 1**, Willard Straight, piano, soloist, Nicolai Malko, cond. **2 & 3**, holiday pop concert, Adele Addison, soprano, soloist, Leo Kopp, cond. **6 & 8**, Mischa Mischakoff, violin, Paul Olefsky, cello, soloists, Malko, cond. **9 & 10**, excerpts from Italian operas; Salvatore Baccaloni, basso, Laurel Hurley, soprano, soloists, Alfredo Antonini, cond. **13**, "Sister Angelica," Opera guild. **15**, Edouard Gordon, piano, soloist, Malko, cond. **16 & 17**, Richard Strauss program including "Salome," "Til Eulenspiegel" and other works; Brenda Lewis, soprano, soloist, Franz Allers, cond. **20 & 22**, Bernardo Segall, piano, soloist, Izler Solomon, cond. **23 & 24**, all-Tchaikovsky program, Andre Kostelanetz, cond. **27 & 29**, Oscar Shumsky, violin, soloist. **30 & 31**, pop concert, Appleton & Field, duo-pianists, Milton Katims, cond. 8 p.m. Free.

Fine Arts quartet, Lutkin hall, Northwestern university, Evanston campus (UN 4-1900). July 11, 18 & 25. 8:30 p.m.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Masterpiece of the month: portrait by Paul Cezanne of Mme. Cezanne. **New exhibit:** from July 15, photographs of the city by local press photographers, gallery 5. **Continuing:** thru July 1, documentary photographs of the Latin quarter of Paris by Edouard Van Der Elksen, gallery 5; thru July 4, 58th annual exhibit by artists of Chicago and vicinity, east wing galleries; prints by Goya and Manet from the Institute's collection, galleries 13 and 16; landscape prints of the 16th thru 19th centuries, gallery 17; recent acquisitions by the print department, gallery 11; Japanese folding screens of the 17th and 18th centuries, gallery H-9; woodcuts by Ichiryusai Hiroshige from the series "One Hundred Views of Edo," gallery H-5; three oil studies and 25 preliminary drawings shown with Jack Levine's "The Trial," gallery of art interpretation; selection of woven fabrics of the 19th century, demonstrating transition from hand to mechanical production, galleries A-1 thru A-5. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol. **Contemporary European drawings and lithographs**, Main Street gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9

a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., to 6 p.m.

Richier, Matta, Golub and others, a review of exhibits of the past season at the Allan Frumkin gallery. Thru July, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Ilse Uhlmann, handwoven textiles; **Barbara Cada**, ceramics. July 2 thru 29, Chicago Public library art department, Michigan at Randolph (CE 6-5821). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Sat., to 5:30 p.m.

Seymour Rosofsky, oil paintings. Thru July, Le Provencal restaurant, 1450 e. 57th (MU 4-5774). 5 p.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Wed.

Eugene Berman, paintings and scene designs; **recent British lithographs**, including works by Henry Moore, Allin Braund, Henry Cliffe and others. Thru July 15, 1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore (MI 2-2433). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Fourth of July celebration, Soldier Field, Lake Shore dr. & 14th st. (HA 7-5252). Auto races, circus acts, fireworks display. July 4, 7:30 p.m.

Newberry Thrill show, Soldier Field (HA 7-5252). Auto stunt show. July 29, 8 p.m.

Ringling Bros. circus, Soldier Field, (DE



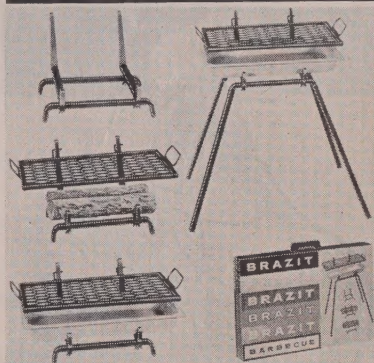
2-4864). July 23 thru 31. Mat. & evening performances daily.

Summer flower shows, Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) and Lincoln park (Fullerton & Stockton) conservatories (HA 7-5252). Displays of foliage plants. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

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MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). July show: stars of summer. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-0466). Special exhibit: "California: Her Gold and Growth," an exhibition of early California lithographs. New permanent exhibits include a Chicago dental office and reception room of the 1880s and an 18th century English dining room. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 8:30 to 10 p.m. Free.

George F. Harding museum, 4835 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). July exhibit: model showing how the city of the future will get electricity thru atomic energy. Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

TOURS

Chicago Tribune, 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0100). Mon.-Fri., 2, 4 & 8 p.m.

Curtiss Candy factory, 750 Briar place (BI 8-6300). Tue. & Wed., every half hour from 12:30 to 2:30 p.m. Reservations necessary.

Ford Motor company, 12600 Torrence (MI 6-3100, ext. 250). Assembly plant. Mon.-Fri., 9 & 10 a.m., 1 & 2 p.m.

Marshall Field & Co., 111 n. State (ST 1-1000). Groups of 5 to 20, 3rd floor information desk. Mon.-Fri. Advance reservations necessary.

Merchandise Mart, Mdse. Mart plaza (WH 4-4141). Home furnishings displays. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050). **July: 1, 2 & 3** (doubleheader), St. Louis; **4** (doubleheader), Cincinnati; **6 & 7**, Milwaukee; **26, 27** (doubleheader), & **28**, New York; **29, 30 & 31** (doubleheader), Pittsburgh. 1:30 p.m.

White Sox, Comiskey park, 35th &

Shields (WA 4-1000). **July: 8** (night), **9 & 10** (doubleheader), Cleveland; **14** (night), & **15**, Washington; **16 & 17** (doubleheader), Baltimore; **19** (night), **20** (night) & **21**, New York; **22** (night), **23 & 24** (doubleheader), Boston. Day, 1:30 p.m.; night, 8.



golf

Cook County Women's Amateur, Glen Eagles Country club, Lemont (ST 2-7485). Invitational tournament, July 12 thru 14.

Champion of Champions tournament, Park Ridge Country club, 636 n. Prospect (ST 2-7485). July 14.

Women's Western Amateur, Olympia Fields Country club, Western ave. in Olympia Fields (ST 2-7485). July 25 thru 30.

harness racing

Sportsman's park, 3301 Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Chicago Downs meet, thru July 31. Post time, 8:30 p.m.

thorobred racing

Arlington park, Arlington Heights (HA 7-3181). Thru July 30. Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m.; Sat. & hol., 1:45 p.m.

polo

Oak Brook Polo club, Int'l fields, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). Sun. & hol., 3 p.m.

stock car racing

Raceway park, 130th & Ashland (FU 5-4035). Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun. Time trials, 7 p.m., first race, 8:30.

yachting

Open regatta, Burnham Park Yacht club, 1500 Linn White dr. (WE 9-9400). Cruising and universal yachts. July 9.

48th Annual Chicago to Mackinac race, Chicago Yacht club, foot of Belmont ave. (LA 5-7216). July 16.

TELEVISION

You Are There (5:30 p.m. Sun., Channel 2). A bold adventure in re-creating history.

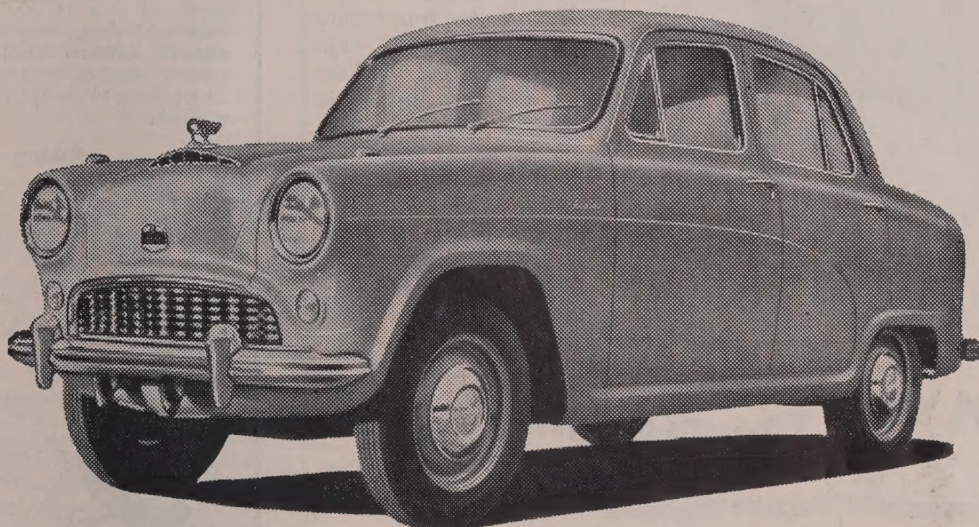
Five slice-of-life theaters a cut above the rest: **TV Playhouse** (8 p.m. Sun., 5) **U.S. Steel Hour** (8:30 p.m. Tue., 2) **Kraft Theater** (8 p.m. Wed., 5), **Front Row Center** (9 p.m. alternate Wed., 2) & **Pond's Theater** (8:30 p.m. Thu., 7).

Tonight (11 p.m. weekdays, 5). A serious man, Steve Allen, runs a zany stay-awake show.

Medic (8 p.m. Mon., 5). Medicine develops a fireside manner.

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Producers Showcase (7 p.m. July 25, 5). So far quite a record: "Peter Pan," "Darkness at Noon" & "Petrified Forest," in color.

Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., 7). Chronicler for childhood starts on another generation.

Dragnet (8 p.m. Thu., 5). Reruns of Friday and Smith, the greatest team since Amos and Andy.

Person to Person (9:30 p.m. Fri., 2). Ed Murrow and the electronic age move millions of people in for a quiet chat with a celebrity.

Mr. Wizard (11 a.m. Sat., 5). Science made painless for experimenters of tender age.

Max Liebman Presents (8 p.m. July 2 & 30, 5). Spectacular bubbles for bath night, in color.

FOR THE CHILDREN

parks

swimming

Annual city-wide "Learn to Swim" week for children 8 years and over begins July 5 at park district pools. Consult local parks for schedules.

City-wide outdoor swim championships for boys and girls 12 thru 17. July 29, 7 p.m., Riis park, Fullerton & Meade

boating

Rowboats may be rented at Lincoln park lagoon from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily.

golf

Golfers under 16 pay half fee on weekdays and after 4 p.m. Sat., Sun. & hol. at golf courses in Marquette, Lincoln, Jackson and Columbus parks.

sailing

Boys and girls 14 thru 18, who can swim 200 yards, may join the park district's **Rainbow Fleet**, which sails daily in ten-foot dinghies in Burnham park lagoon. Phone HA 7-5252, ext. 422, to enroll.

fishing

No license needed by children under 16, who may fish from sunrise to dark from banks of all park lagoons. For lake fishing, excellent piers are at 6900 n. in Loyola park; 1600 and 4400 n. in Lincoln park; 3100 s. in Burnham park; and 5900 and 6300 s. in Jackson park.

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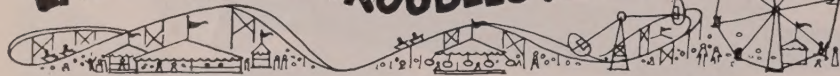
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ZOOS

Brookfield, 31st at Golfview, Brookfield (HU 5-0263). This huge 135-acre zoo includes animals in surroundings resembling natural habitats; picnic areas; and a **Children's zoo** and farm, where small animals may be petted and fed by visitors. Main zoo free Thu., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Hawthorne-Melody farm & Children's zoo, U.S. 21, 3 mi. s. of Libertyville (LI 2-2025). The zoo has a variety of animals which appeal to small children, with a Noah's Ark, a miniature mountain for goats and a lagoon with domestic and wild fowl. On the dairy farm, visitors may watch modern methods of milking. Mon.-Fri., 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. to 6 p.m. Free Mon., Tue. Thu. & Fri.

Indian Boundary park, 2500 Lunt av

A small zoo with a bear, deer, small animals and birds. Open daily.

Lincoln park. 2200 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). Main zoo: more than 2,500 animals, birds and reptiles; **Children's zoo:** a special enclosure south of the reptile house, with a Mother Goose theme, for children 12 and under; **Zoo-rookery** (at Fullerton): a rock garden with a large pond for water birds.

Trailside museum, 738 Thatcher av., River Forest (FO 9-6530). Wildlife of the area, alive and stuffed. The live specimens change frequently because they are injured or orphaned animals and birds which are cared for until able to return to forest habitats.

forest preserve swimming pools

Whealan, Milwaukee & Devon; **Green Lake,** 159th & Torrence; **Cermak,** 7600 Ogden. Children free Mon., Wed., Fri., 2:30 to 5:30 p.m.

excursions

Morton arboretum, route 53, Lisle (Downers Grove 74). More than 835 acres of woodland park with 4,800 varieties of trees and plants from all over the world. Specimens are clearly labeled, and there are winding trails, small streams and deep ravines. Free maps and permission for picnicking may be obtained at the administration building. Open Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (closed noon to 1 p.m.); Sat., Sun. & hol., 2/to 5 p.m.

Little Red Schoolhouse, Willow Springs rd. (107th av., s. of 95th st.) (CO 1-8400). Forest preserve center for nature study, with pictures and exhibits of fish, wild life, minerals and fossils. The area contains a pond with fish and ducks and snake and turtle pits.

Proviso freight yards, Lake st. in Melrose Park (DE 2-2121). Tours for children 8 years and over thru a 21-acre area where freight cars are loaded and unloaded and made up into trains. Children may watch cars being sorted on the "hump" and climb to the main control tower for an over-all view of yard operations. Each group of ten children must be accompanied by an adult. Reservations necessary.

Gilbert Hall of Science, 512 s. Michigan av. (WE 9-6366). Elaborate layout of model trains in operation. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Yerkes observatory, Williams Bay, Wis. A "working" observatory of scientific research, with world's largest refractory telescope. Open to public Sat. only, 1:30 to 3 p.m. C. S. T.

Grosse Point lighthouse, Sheridan rd. & Central, Evanston (GR 5-3100). Children may climb the winding stairway to the top of the lighthouse for a panoramic view of Lake Michigan. Picnic spots and a beach are nearby. Lighthouse open Fri. only, 4 to 4:30 p.m.

boat trips

Mercury Sightseeing boats (DE 2-1353) and **Wendella Boat co.** (DE 7-1446), Michigan av. bridge. One and two-hour boat trips on Lake Michigan. Daily, from 10 a.m. to midnight.

Shoreline Marine co., 1515 n. State (SU



7-1714). Half-hour trips from Shedd aquarium dock, 9:30 a.m. to 5:15 p.m., and from dock opposite Buckingham fountain, 6 to 10:30 p.m.

museums

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). "Summer Fun" program of free movies on American history. Tue., reservations only, 9:45 & 11 a.m. & 2 p.m.; Wed., open to the public, 11 a.m. & 2 p.m. **July: 5 & 6:** "Story of Christopher Columbus"; part 1 of "Western Union," full-length color movie to be shown in three parts, and cartoon. **12 & 13:** "The American Revolution"; part 2 of "Western Union" and cartoon. **19 & 20:** "History of the U.S.

Navy"; part 3 of "Western Union" and cartoon. **26 & 27:** "Wilderness Road"; part 1 of "Springfield Rifle" and cartoon.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Summer movie program, Thu., 10 & 11 a.m. **July: 7,** "Bambi"; **14,** "Nature's Children" and



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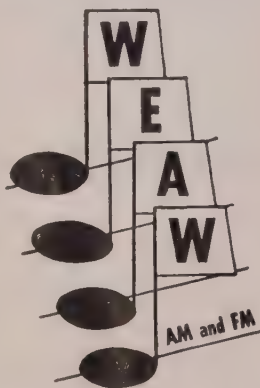
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cartoon; 21, "Seal Island"; 28, "Fairy Stories." The second **Journey for Museum Travelers** (for children 8 years and over) can be made any day during July and August. Theme for this journey is Indian and Kachina dolls, Java puppets and Chinese shadow plays. Travelers are guided by instruction sheets which are filled in and returned to the desk when they leave. Children who make four journeys during the year will be honored as "Official Museum Travelers."



NIGHT LIFE

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Ann Henry, who knows a language to match most of the tunes she sings, entertains thru July 14, as do the Mascots. Yonelly is the comedian. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch \$.95-\$2.50; dinner \$2.95-\$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). The Calypso Cruise sails on into July with Lord Invader, Los Velascos and Tany Roman on board. A new revue is due July 18. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). "Spurs 'n Skates," an ice revue on a western theme continues thru July 14. A new extravaganza in the same medium but with a carnival theme opens July 15. Frankie Masters and his orchestra continue to accumulate seniority. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. Dinner from \$3.25. \$2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant for 17 years. Dancing to Ralph Rotger's Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing after 9. Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., \$3 min.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). The cuisine is French; the music is Jimmy Blade's. Noon to 3 p.m.; 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.75-\$2.50; dinner \$5-\$6.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining in western style; music by Frank York, his orchestra and fiddle. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch \$1.65-\$1.95; dinner \$4.50-\$6.75.

Empire Room, Palmer house, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Dorothy Shay remains thru July, singing hillbilly tunes

in a Park avenue style to a midwestern audience. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from \$4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters" play a steady two-beat for dancers. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from \$3.50.

Mister Kelly's, 1028 Rush (WH 3-2233). Buddy Greco of record fame will remain thru the first weeks of July. Additionally, Audrey Morris sings the best of show tunes and Jimmy Bowman fills in on the piano. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

Polynesian Village, Edgewater Beach hotel (LO 1-6000). South sea decor. Two cuisines — Island Cantonese and Yankee. Two orchestras — Jimmy Pineapple and Henry Brandon. 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner \$3.25-\$5.75.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang-out for celebrities and celebrity-watchers. David Le Winter provides dance music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., \$3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra in an Alpine setting; even the maitre d'hotel is Swiss. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.25-\$3; dinner \$3.50-\$6.

jazz

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). Lester Young, who is acclaimed (or blamed) as the originator of bebop, opens a two-week stand July 22. Jam session Monday. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Tue. No cover or min.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Thru July 10, Lionel Hampton's band; July 13 thru 24, Stan Kenton and his group; from July 26, Errol Garner's trio and Chet Baker's quintet. Food a la carte, \$1.50 to \$3. \$3 min. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m. features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Sylvia Syms and Lurlene Hunter sing to Roy Bartrem's piano. Dick Marx, piano, and Johnny Frigo, bass, manufacture the music on Monday and Tuesday. Nightly, 10 to 4 a.m.; Sat. to 5 a.m. No cover or min.

Crown Propellor lounge, 868 e. 63rd (HY 3-4246). Thru July 10, Johnny Hodges and three other former Duke Ellington bandsmen. Off night Monday and jam session Tuesday. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Dixieland lives here. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun. \$2 min. Unescorted women not admitted.

Key lounge, 1020 Montrose (LO 1-2833). Thru the first week of July, swinging Chicago jazz by the Bill Trujillo quintet: Trujillo on tenor sax; Pete Cur, trumpet; Erick Kaiser, piano; Mickey Simonetta, drums, and Sam Seaside, bass. Music Wed.-Sun., 10 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.

select saloons

Billy Goat tavern, 1855 Madison (SE 3-9130). Almost anything is apt to happen here, especially if it involves bells whistles and other kinds of noisy pranks.



questionnaire for businessmen and women

As a person of some standing in your own community, you may already have a charge account at one or two of your favorite restaurants in the city, but do you enjoy the following privileges?

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- ☐ DO YOU SIGN THE CHECK WHEN YOU DINE A BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCE AT HIS FAVORITE RESTAURANT IN A DISTANT TOWN?
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- ☐ DO YOU GET A CAR AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE, WITH OR WITHOUT A CHAUFFEUR, SENT TO ANY PART OF TOWN YOU MAY BE VISITING?
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College of Complexes, 862 n. State (MO 4-5551). One of the last strongholds of the bohemianism of the '20s and the '50s. Patrons discuss, drink and ponder in Slim Brundage's "college," where the curriculum is varied and includes occasional folk tune renditions by Clark Street Mary and lectures by "Yellow Kid" Weil. Daily, to 2 a.m. Fri. & Sat., \$1.50 min.

Gay Nineties, La Salle hotel, La Salle at Madison (FR 2-0700). Nostalgia is the stock in trade here. The bartenders wear checkered vests and sing those "good ol' tunes." Daily, to 2 a.m.

Jimmy's, 1170 e. 55th (MI 3-5516). Formally called the Woodlawn Tap, this is a university sandals-and-English-bicycle set hang-out. Jimmy serves pitchers of beer and has provided an



encyclopedia to settle the less abstract of the arguments. Daily, to 2 a.m.

Sieben's Bier stube, 1466 Larrabee (WH 4-9411). Excellent draught beer is made in the medieval looking brewery adjoining. Big sandwiches on rye bread are served, and for summer quaffing, there's an outdoor, cobblestone courtyard. Daily, to midnight.

Tip Top Tap, Allerton hotel, 701 n. Michigan (SU 7-4200). A sophisticated bar, dark and quiet, with a panoramic view of the city. Sun.-Thurs., to 1 a.m.; Fri. & Sat. to 2.

DINING OUT

Cafe Bellini, 1014 Rush (MO 4-6397). Light sandwiches, pastries and coffee concoctions in a small cafe with 19th century decor. Iced Russian tea is a summer speciality. Daily, noon to 1 a.m., except Mon. from 8 p.m.

Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). Sea food that compares with the best served in salt water ports. Daily, noon to midnight. A la carte service.

Cloud Room, Midway airport (PO 7-0600). Fine Marshall Field fare and wide windows for watching the arrival and departure of planes. Daily, 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch \$1.50; dinner \$2.50 and a la carte.

Erie Cafe, 658 n. Wells (WH 4-9101). Steaks worth waiting for. Mon.-Sat., 7 a.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Sun. Dinner from \$2.50.

Grand and Noble. On the southwest corner of the intersection is an outdoor sea food place where clams and oysters shipped in from the coast daily are opened on the spot. Daily to 2 a.m.; Sat. & Sun. to 3 a.m.

Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). A dark, cool room for summer dining. 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.25.

Italian Village, 71 w. Monroe (DE 2-9192). Italian-American food is served in this upstairs spot which has decor to match its name. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner \$2-\$4.50.

Ivanhoe, 3000 n. Clark (GR 2-2771). Medieval gimmicks and a contemporary menu. Cocktails are served in a cool wine cellar. Daily, 5 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat. to 4 a.m. Dinner \$3-\$5.

Johnstone's, Peterson at Cicero (SP 7-5400). Nourishment of merit, not the least of which is the corn bread and apple butter served with the salad, and pleasant surroundings to eat it in. Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., noon to 9 p.m. Dinner from \$2, also a la carte.

Le Petit Gourmet, 619 n. Michigan (DE 7-9701). Summer dining indoors or on the patio from a menu of adequate

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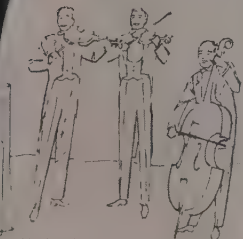
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Mather Room, Art Institute, Michigan at
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marsala with green noodles is a fea-
ture here, as is Indian chicken curry.
Lunch only, 11:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.;
\$.75-\$1.50.

Riccardo's, 437 n. Rush st. (WH 4-
8815). The most complex of Italian
dishes are served either indoors or at
sidewalk tables. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 4
a.m. Lunch from \$1; dinner from \$2.25.
Ricketts, 103 s. Chicago (WH 4-9500).
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the Water Tower, open 24 hours. Lunch
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St. Hubert's Grill, 316 s. Federal st.
(WE 9-8770). Superior food served by
red-coated waiters in old English sur-
roundings. Mon.-Sat., noon to midnight;
closed Sun. A la carte from \$6.

Tracy's, 540 n. Michigan (DE 7-1116).
Satisfying tho unpretentious food in an
atmosphere kept cool by the fountain
in Diana court. Mon.-Fri., 8 a.m. to 8
p.m.; closed Sat. & Sun. Lunch from
\$.75; dinner from \$1.75.

Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark &
Randolph (FR 2-2100). A dim room with
deep-sea menu and decor. Daily, noon
to midnight; Sun., 4 to 9 p.m. Lunch
\$1.60-\$2.25; dinner a la carte.

suburban & beyond

The Chalet, 425 Waukegan, Northbrook
(Northbrook 135). German Swiss menu
includes sauerbraten and geschneitzlets
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p.m. to midnight.

Czech Lodge, 2519 s. Des Plaines,
North Riverside (RI 7-9786). Close by for
Brookfield zoo visitors, a full menu of
Czech food is served. Tue.-Fri., 11:30
a.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat. from 5 p.m.; Sun.
from 3 p.m.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson st., Evanston (GR
5-8686). Fanny's spaghetti and fried
chicken are deservedly famous. Mon.-
Sat., 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun. from noon.
Dinner \$1.75-\$4.75.

Klas Restaurant, 5734 Cermak, Cicero
(OL 2-0795). A substantial bit of old
Bohemia in both motif and menu. 11:30
a.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Mon. Dinner
from \$2.25.

Mickelberry's, 2300 w. 95th st. (BE 8-
6400). Southern country-style sausage
and corn bread sticks are among the
specialties here. 11 a.m. to midnight;
Fri. & Sat., to 1 a.m.; closed Mon.

Phil Smidt and Son, 1205 n. Calumet,
Hammond, Ind. (Whiting 25). So popular
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A plaque on the west side of Bug-house square reads as follows: "Washington square. This area was deeded to Chicago in 1842, upon condition that it be enclosed with 'a handsome post board or picket fence within five years and kept enclosed forever as a public square.'" The only enclosure is a stone curbing about eight inches high.

THE EXCLUSIVE SUBURBS

A sticker on the rear window of a car seen on Wacker drive: "Drive safely in Wilmette."

THE WAKE ON THE LOWER LEVEL

The Michigan avenue career girls in the barebacked summer frocks daintily sipped their martinis and were duly eyed by agency copywriters, radio men and sales executives, mostly staring thru oversized black-rimmed spectacles. This was Harry's No. 1 saloon, with a Michigan avenue entrance. The young secretaries wearing their sun glasses in the dim-lit recesses of the air-conditioned, softly carpeted lounge could hardly be expected to understand how dark things were down below on Hubbard street.

But in Harry's No. 2 saloon—a rather bizarre arrangement in comparison to the plush parlor upstairs, there was a definite note of gloom. Yet not every-

body shared it. Frank, the bartender, certainly did. So did George, the newspaper reporter—altho George's was a pleasant sort of sadness that said: *Quod est, est*. But he was not unsympathetic by any means.

Art, who took care of the boilers in the building that housed both the lower and the upper saloon, sat at the bar on the lower level and demonstrated deep feeling. The cop, off duty, said, "Oh, hell—it's all over now." Bert, an advertising man, was interested in a detached sort of way.

Other customers at Frank's bar included pressmen in oil-soaked overalls, an occasional plain drinker in dirty shirt and well-worn pants, advertising executives and other white collar trade who had graduated from the shops and factories of the West or South Side to Michigan avenue desks.

Some of them listened raptly and some paid no attention at all as Frank recounted the Great Loss that had come to Hubbard street. For, indeed, there was a void—even the ladies and gentlemen in the luxurious upstairs cocktail lounge might have noticed it: Lil' Abner was gone.

Many people knew Lil' Abner whether they realized it or not. He was a conspicuous figure: a big fellow, tall as he was wide, with a fat face and a dirty blue shirt, who was always humming a tune and always seemed contented.

Down in Harry's No. 2 they knew Abner was gone. They knew it because he wasn't there, for one thing. And when Abner wasn't there with his bottle of Miller's, the bar wasn't the same. Big, fat Lil' Abner who sat there humming and singing in a voice that had remarkable timbre, that carried a good tune—singing *It Had to Be You*. The song was a little dated, but so was Lil' Abner. He belonged to

another era and another environment. Harry gave him a room somewhere in the building. He cleaned up the place and ran errands for his bottle of beer and sandwiches.

The bar was crowded, as always in Harry's No. 2. One man was talking about his educated parakeet; a second was damning Marion for the way he ran the White Sox; others discussed their wives and their kids. But some listened to Frank. The television set was off.

Aside from being a good bartender, Frank was a former showman—a vaudeville actor of some repute—and he was always great for commiseration and deep feeling. So now Lil' Abner rated the top spot in conversation at Harry's No. 2 bar. Frank stood in front of the exact spot where three days before an empty cigar box had been on the back bar with a hastily scrawled sign, "Flowers for Lil' Abner." The box was gone now. So was the collection of quarters, halves and dollars. So were the flowers. So was Lil' Abner.

There sat the odd assortment of men—and a couple of girls—at the bar. Harry's No. 2 was traditionally for men and there was a time when the ladies room was simply the fulfillment of a legal obligation. However, during the era of Lil' Abner the female trade had increased as certain secretaries found a retreat away from the leers of the males at the more fashionable spots.

At Harry's No. 2 bar nobody paid any attention to whether you were male or female. Lil' Abner personally had nothing to do with the female customers except occasionally to carry a bottle of beer to one seated at a back table. He tried sometimes to be waiter, but never a Lothario. He didn't attract women. He was just a massive object that nobody except Frank

George or the cop who stopped in occasionally regarded as anything but a fixture at the bar. When he made noise, it was like the pounding of a mallet in a cocktail shaker, or the start of the old air conditioning unit; it was part of the place.

Abner, in unpressed pants and shirt open at the collar, roamed the region along Rush street and under Michigan avenue just north of the river. He might have been likened to a mole with his puffed up cheeks and half closed eyes, and always hiding in the shadows of the big, freshly-washed Wrigley building. Or he might have resembled a big, amicable, affectionate hound with his drooping jowls and sad, slit eyes. In any case, Lil' Abner was part and parcel of Harry's No. 2 bar, and that's why somebody had said: "I hear Lil' Abner died."

"Yes," said Frank, "he did . . . the other day." A stillness came over the section of the bar within hearing and Frank had a far-away look in his eyes. "How did it happen?" the questioner pursued. And Frank suddenly loosened up as if he wanted to get it off his chest.

"Well," he said, "it was Monday night. And they hear Lil' Abner moanin'-like in his room. You know Harry gives him a room on the third floor up there, with only the Wrigley building shutting out his view of Michigan avenue. Abner liked that. I think he came from a good family — pretty high class family, if you ask me. But he wouldn't tell nobody. Don't try to find 'em if anything happens to me," he always said.

"Well, he had a stroke. That's what it was. His whole side was paralyzed. So we called the police and they took him to the County hospital. Then we got to thinkin'. We didn't want them to treat him like a bum. So we got on the phone and called the hospital several times. Harry called. I called. Some of the other fellows called and asked about him. You know what? They put him in a three-bed ward."

"That was pretty nice," said the man at the bar. "Then what happened?"

George got up, slammed his glass on the bar and said, "Well, here's where I came in." He went to the back of the saloon.

For a newspaperman, George is a modest guy — but they don't come any better," said Frank. The door to the men's room opened and shut with

the swish and the dull thud.

"Well," Frank went on, "we tried to keep track of Abner — but it was hard to do. You couldn't get a call thru to his ward for some reason. That's a big damn hospital out there. So I called George at the city desk on the paper. 'This is Frank,' I said. 'Yes, Frank, what's up?' George said. I told him about Abner being in the County. 'We can't find out a thing about him,' I said. 'You're a newspaperman. Will you see what you can do?' 'Sure, Frank,' George said. In five minutes he called me back. 'Abner passed away a couple of hours ago,' he said. I told him we'd have to do something. 'Don't worry,' said George. 'I'll get an undertaker. We'll give him a good burial.'"

Frank stopped long enough to pull out a couple bottles of Schlitz, mix a martini, pour a shot of Old Fitz and provide a Seven and Seven.

"Well," Frank continued, "Harry ups and says he will take care of the expenses. So Lil' Abner got a funeral."

After a slight pause, one of the admen at the bar prodded Frank: "Was it a good funeral?"

"The best," said Frank. "He was laid to rest in Archer Woods cemetery. It was fine."

"Who went to the funeral?" asked the adman.

"It was very nice," said Frank, sticking to the subject. "Lil' Abner looked good. I think the box was a little too small for him — he was a big fellow, you know, and they seemed to have sort of stuffed him into it. But he looked good. He had on a white shirt and a nice bow tie and he was shaved and he looked like a million dollars."

"Who was there? Was it a big funeral?" a man from WBBM asked as

he took a healthy swallow from his gin and tonic.

"Well," said Frank, "it wasn't a big funeral. There was six of us. A newspaperman, a saloon owner, a cop, a janitor and two bartenders. The undertaker took us all in his limousine. And what a ride. He must of hit 60 and 65."

"Was there any kind of a service — you know, religious?" asked a copy writer.

"Yes, there was," Frank nodded soberly. "The undertaker read out of the Bible. It sounded like he skipped a lot of stuff he couldn't pronounce — but maybe it's just that I don't understand that kind of writing too well. He might have put it all in."

Frank stood staring like a man who was seeing a ghost. To him Lil' Abner was still a fixture at the end of the bar — even tho he was under six feet of sod in Archer Woods. It was only a week since he was fondling his bottle of beer and humming *It Had To Be You*.

George returned to his place at the bar.

For a while all that was heard was the giggle of a girl at a back table and the hilarious shouts of a couple of guys playing shuffleboard. Then came the ping, ping of bells as the players rang up the score and a voice from somewhere: "Frank, the same all around!"

"Well," said George, "I gotta check in. I'm on rewrite tonight." He gulped his beer and slammed the glass on the bar.

THE CTA INSPECTOR WITH THE TOUGH CORNER

It was 3:45 on a warm, sunny afternoon. Two casually dressed men about 50 sprawled on a backless bench in front of the park district administration building north of Soldier field. They were CTA inspectors — employees of the city council committee on local transportation whose duty it is to see how often the Authority's buses, street cars and trains pass the points where they are stationed.

One inspector, who seemed to be in charge, held a thick pad before him and a pencil at the ready position to record the arrival times of the shuttle buses to and from the Loop. The other



one said, "If we stay here until 5:30, we'll hit all that traffic on the way home."

"Don't worry," said the head man, "We're gonna leave about 4:30."

"Even if we left now," his companion mourned, "we'd hit a lot of traffic."

The boss gave him the pad and pencil and said, "Here, put your name on this," pointing to a line near the bottom of the top sheet. Then he pulled a document from his pocket and shouted. "Whaddaya think of this? Tomorrow he's got me at Chicago and Pulaski. I gotta watch both ways!" He stuffed the paper back in his pocket.

Both inspectors got up and sauntered to their car. It was five minutes after four.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

Elder Olson of the University of Chicago faculty: "If I say something sensible, it's because I'm a professor. If I say something crazy that makes people mad, it's because I'm a poet. If I go nuts, I'm inspired. I can't lose."

LEGAL TENDER

A subdued looking billboard on north Western avenue carries this message: "Rosehill cemetery and mausoleum. A garden of tender memories. Protected by trust funds in excess of 4 million dollars."

JESSEL PLAYS KROCH'S

For a troupier turned writer, autographing his book at Kroch's and Brentano's might be considered roughly equivalent to the traditional engagement at the Palace. If so, George Jessel had reached the zenith of his second career as he sat in the world's largest bookstore one afternoon. (K. and B. claims this distinction with the qualification that it's largest in square feet, and that a larger one, in Helsinki, is government-owned.)

Jessel was seated at a small table with a desk blotter on it placed between two cases of first editions and other rare books. Copies of *This Way*

Miss, the second volume of his recollections, were piled high atop both cases. The "Toastmaster General" wore a slate blue suit with a white handkerchief in the breast pocket, a pleated white shirt and a blue tie with white figures and a pearl pin. His long hair, a muddy blend of red and brown, was combed diagonally across his head, curling upward at the ends.

Press Agent Paul Montague and a couple of clerks hovered around the table. Presently some executives from the store came up and introductions were attempted. "I'd like to meet this lady here," said Jessel, indicating an approaching blonde. He did. Then he signed a book she bought and gave her some extra autographs on slips of paper from a pad.

"Last night I was in a place I'd never been before," Jessel told the people from the store. "The Blue Angel. There was a Hawaiian dancer sitting on my shoulder."

Some more people came by and bought books. Jessel wrote things like, "To Walter from his pal, George Jessel." He always used the customer's first name. "It's warmer that way," he explained. He wrote his name in a big scrawl, with huge initial letters.

A woman clerk came by with several orders for autographed copies to be sent out. "Michael Holowaty," she said, "has one of the finest collections of first editions we've ever helped assemble."

Jessel began autographing a book to "Michael." "He's the first edition fella?" he checked, then wrote, "Here's another first for you."

He autographed a book for a woman customer who also produced a small flash camera and took his picture.

"The only thing is, I like Jolson," she said. This was a commentary on a section of the book in which Jessel pictures his departed friend as a fine talent but an egocentric who never cared much about other people. "I like him, too," said Jessel, "but it's too bad a man with such a great personality didn't have any love of humanity."

The woman told of seeing Jessel and Jolson at a resort hotel several years ago. "Winchell was there, too," she added.

"I hate him," Jessel announced loudly and decisively. Then he asked of nobody in particular, "Why didn't Hilton change his name to Levine



and buy Mandel Brothers?"

Another photographer came along and took several pictures. "I want three prints," said Jessel, "one to keep, one to send to New York and one for my daughter." He took out his wallet and displayed a passport picture of himself and the daughter, Jerilynn, to whom the book is dedicated with these words: "I shall watch over thee, well, so that no cruel winter frost nor torrid desert winds halt thy springtime bloom." Jessel passed the picture around, acknowledged compliments on it and said, "She'll be 14."

Somebody asked Jessel how his daughter liked the book. "Well," he said, "she thinks she's in it too much. She writes like hell. She's done two very serious short pieces. That's what she wants to do."

Two good friends of Jessel's came up to the counter—Joe Jacobson, former owner of the Chez Paree, and Colonel John Gottlieb, the local trucking magnate. "Is Mr. Kroch here?" one of them asked.

"You mean you want to buy the store?" said Jessel. Then he repeated the joke about Hilton and Mandel Brothers for the benefit of the newcomers.

Carl Kroch, president of the store, came over. "You might as well know," said Jessel, pointing to Jacobson. "He's taking over the place. The girls are gonna dance over there."

Kroch told Jessel, "My wife used to appear with you—in the Chez Paree, the Adorables and at the State-Lake." Jessel said he remembered her.

Jacobson and Gottlieb began bringing copies of the book at a furious pace, reading off for Jessel and the clerks the names of the people who would receive them.

"Every penny that I get out of this book goes to me," Jessel proclaimed "no charity, nothin', just me." He

mitted, tho, that he spends most of his time making tours on behalf of the City of Hope hospital and various causes in Israel. He autographed a book for a woman and she said, "Thank you for being so sweet."

"It's easy to be sweet to a nice girl," he assured her.

Gottlieb was reading from his gift list. "Send one to Colonel and Mrs. Mack Arvey," he said, "one to Dan Ryan, one to Otto Kerner, one to Sheriff and Mrs. Joseph Lohman."

A tall, striking model with red hair came up and sat next to Jessel, who nodded enthusiastically with her.

Gottlieb wanted to know the address of General and Mrs. Julius Klein. "It's all right," said Jessel, "Republicans don't read any books."

Jessel began autographing a book for an absent customer named Lieber. "Who speaks German?" he asked. "Is it *L-i-e* or *L-e-i*?"

The model, whose name was Joan Tabor, told him with conviction, "It's *L-i-e*. I before *e* except after *c*./ I remember that from school."

There was a lull in the trade, except for that of Gottlieb and Jacobson, who had exhausted a couple of piles. "Books," Jessel yelled to a clerk. "Books and more customers."

Gottlieb, Jacobson and Montague tried to recall the nickname of Dr. Loyal Davis' wife, but failed. "Send one to Commissioner Elrod," said Gottlieb.

"Is he still a commissioner?" Jessel asked. "Otherwise I won't say it." Then he wrote, "Dear Artie . . ."

JESSEL TOOK a monocle out of his pocket, put it in his right eye and read some names on a slip of paper. "Did you hear Menasha Skulnik is taking Pinza's place in that musical?" he asked. "They're changing it from *Tanny to Tokus*."

"I thought there was a lot of dignity in Mr. Godfrey's headline today. 'I'm all loused up' or some charming thing like that."

"Send a copy to Justice Minton," said Gottlieb. Jessel took a book from the stack and wrote on the flyleaf, "Judge Minton . . ."

"How will I ever pay for this?" Gottlieb asked, looking at the dozens of books stacked in front of him.

"Then I stop writing," Jessel threatened, lifting his pen high in the air. A friend came up from the basement of the store and told him he had lost his bets on the first two races

of the afternoon. "Let's get out of here," said Jessel, making as if to rise.

One of the clerks brought over the store's precious guest book, signed by the other writers to whom the firm has played host. Miss Tabor began looking thru it, exclaiming when she came to names like Sandburg, Hemingway and Maugham. "Look," she said, "here's Christopher Morley."

"Yeah," said Jessel offhandedly, "Chris Morley."

Gottlieb was looking thru the books Jessel had signed for him. When he came to the one for "Judge Minton" he said, "Hey, you can't call him 'Judge.' He's a justice."

"Judge, justice, what's the difference?" asked Jessel, his voice rising. He grasped the book firmly and began tearing out the leaf on which he had written. Montague and one of the clerks tried to get the book away from him. "George, George," the press agent yelled, "you can't do that."

But Jessel clung to the book with one hand and continued tearing with the other. When he got the offending page out he began writing on the next one, "Justice Minton . . ." Finally Montague got the book away from him. He gave it to another clerk and told him to have it rebound.

Miss Tabor found a signature she couldn't read in the guest book. One of the clerks offered to help her, but he couldn't read it either. He put the book in Jessel's hands, "You want me in here?" Jessel asked with becoming humility.

"I had lunch with Lord Dunsany the other day," said the Toastmaster. "I'm not too familiar with his work, but fortunately I'd read his short play called *A Night at the Inn*, so it gave me something to talk about. The luncheon was in Pasadena. They thought Dunsany was a place in Ireland. They didn't know who in the hell he was . . . Where the hell are all the customers?"

Gottlieb ordered a book for Mayor Daley and another for one of the owners of the Chez Paree. He asked Jacobson for the address of the night club. "Fairbanks court," said Jacobson, but he couldn't remember the street number.

Miss Tabor told Jessel about her efforts to get a television job. "Get Red Quinlan on the phone," he instructed her. "I'll talk to him."

The model called Quinlan's office on a nearby phone and Jessel went to talk to him. When he came back he

said, "He thinks he has something for you."

One of the clerks, an Ivy League looking fellow, said softly, "We had some competition across the street today, you know — a woman who wrote a book on Davy Crockett." He shook his head sympathetically and added, "They just didn't . . ."

Jessel took a cigar about seven inches long out of his pocket and lighted it. A woman came up with a slip of paper and asked him for his autograph. "You want it here or in the book?" he asked. "Just here," she said. "I own a bookstore out in Kansas."

Jessel talked about the old days in Chicago. "About 1920 Mike Fritzler had a place called the Friars Inn," he said. "I met a very interesting girl there. She was a gold digger, but not in the usual way. She'd get men to take her to night clubs. Then every few minutes she'd say she had to go to the ladies room and ask her escort for some change. He'd give her a half a buck or so. She'd keep all this money and make maybe five or six dollars a day. It was a fair living then."

Jessel was asked about the outlook for his literary career. "Well," he said, "I've got a novel sort of tentatively blocked out. And I'm writing a book of speeches for every occasion. The birth of a baby, a death in the family, a divorce — anything."

The woman clerk showed Jessel one of the rare volumes from the case at his left. It was an original copy of the 1739 edition of *Joe Miller's Joke Book*. "Oh yes," he said. "Cantor uses some of this stuff."

Then he told her the story of Joe Miller: "He was a stagehand at the Drury Lane theater around Garrick's time. He wasn't very smart but he used to engage in a lot of backstage

design by Joe Phelan

drawings by Claes Oldenburg





photograph by Don Bronstein

humor and everybody liked him. After he died, the actors got together a lot of good jokes and published the book under his name. They gave the money to his widow."

Jessel put his pen in his pocket and prepared to leave. "I'll get you some more customers tonight," he told the clerks. "At 5:30 I'm going to be on Vince Garrity's program and there'll be lots of listeners, because that's where they get the racing news."

MEDIUM RARE

A used car lot in West Rogers Park displays a sign reading: "We have no television show." And a clothing store in Bucktown makes this boast: "Advertised over the radio."

THE ANCIENT ART OF PROFESSOR PHILLIP SPARROW

Manufacturers of picture post cards have long regarded the "L" platform at State and Van Buren as an excellent

vantage point from which to present the long corridor that is the world's most active center of retail trade. Seldom, if ever, have they seen fit to turn their sights the opposite way and depict the equally distinctive vista that lies south of the tracks.

It's a little late to do so now, because the honky-tonk half-mile beyond Sears Roebuck's is fighting a dogged but losing battle against public improvements and civic reform. Already the Congress street expressway has cut a wide pass thru the double ridge of small burlesque theaters, cheap movie houses, strip joints, pool rooms, pawn shops, surplus stores and missions. A city garage is eating away another half-block of the district, and municipal heat has slowed the pace of libidinous entertainment.

The march of progress has not intimidated south State, however. In the space that remains for them, its singular business establishments still stand shoulder-to-shoulder. On the west side of the street every fourth or fifth berth is occupied by an amusement arcade, typically consisting of a shooting gallery, a hot dog counter, several pinball devices and a large number of machines that show erotic movies at a nickel to a quarter a peep.

The southernmost of these arcades is a particularly old one, fitted out with an incongruously modern heavy glass door.

Inside the high-ceilinged room and built against a side wall is a cubicle looking not unlike the tool shacks on outdoor construction projects.

The inside walls of the shack are covered with colored insignia: crosses encircled by thorny wreaths, lions rampant and entwined by bright green vipers, bleeding hearts capped by scrolls reading "mother" and "sweetheart," blue anchors, red roses, obsolete army tanks, daggers, mermaids, hula dancers and fierce looking eagles clatching writhing lizards in their talons.

This is a tattoo parlor—the roost of Professor Phillip Sparrow, one of the row's four epidermal artists.

Sparrow pointed a finger at a dramatic looking schooner bounding thru green seas: "That one costs about \$70. Tattoo costs range from about a dollar for social security and serial numbers up to around a hundred dollars for something really artistic."

"In the old days," he pointed out, "they used to tattoo a lady's initials on her ankle free as a sort of public re-

lations gesture, but then they could do something like the schooner there for about \$25."

Sparrow bears little resemblance to appearance or manner to any stereotyped conception of a tattooer. He is a wiry 36-year-old of medium height, with wavy blond hair and mustache and a handsome, almost patrician face. Altho he carries six tattoos of his own, none are so located as to be visible to the public. His one sartorial concession to the trade is a nautical working costume of blue jeans and a dark turtle-neck sweater.

HE QUOTES chapter and verse from the book of Leviticus in the Old Testament to show why Orthodox Jews are necessarily outside his professional orbit. They interpret literally an injunction against "marks on thy body." Sparrow's literary allusions also run to Freud and various books on the history of tattooing, and his soft polysyllabic speech helps account for his academic nickname.

Sparrow learned tattooing about five years ago in his native San Francisco. He came here in 1953 and opened his present shop last fall. Practically nobody gets tattooed during the winter ("They don't want to take off their shirts," Sparrow said.) and during that season the Professor works as a free lance commercial artist.

"He's a real perfectionist," said one of his customers. "One little flaw and he's tearing his hair."

Sparrow employs the latest tool of tattoo tradesmen, an electrical device which looks something like a glorified mechanical pencil and which has four common No. 12 extra fine sewing needles mounted in a turret at the business end. A simple buzzer attachment at the other end sets the needles vibrating when the circuit between it and a dry cell or generator motor is closed. The needles prick the subject's skin from two to four thousand times a minute, much too fast to be felt individually, and deposit the tattoo colors about a thirtieth of an inch into the skin. The sensation is a prolonged burning, Sparrow said something like that produced by the edge of an ice cube.

Sparrow does his work in metallic base tempera colors—blue, red, green and brown. The colors are prepared especially for tattooing by a New York distributing firm. He gets them dry and mixes them with a 5

per cent solution of alcohol and Listerine to thwart infection.

"Infections usually form if the equipment is unclean or, most commonly, when unqualified artists try to remove tattoos, something which should be done only by a dermatologist. I won't touch it," he said.

Getting a tattoo removed is about as pleasant as having one's head removed. One method is to have the tattooed area injected with an acid which starts a pusulatory reaction and eventually the tattoo comes out, along with a chunk of skin.

More ingenious and profitable is disguising the unwanted tattoo by superimposing another one on it.

In New York, in 1945, a fellow named "Pop" Warner, probably the oldest and best known tattoo artist in the country, made a small fortune by linking panties and bras on nude females adorning the skins of men who had thereby been barred from enlisting in the Navy. There were no official objections to the traditional anchor and ship designs, tho, and Sparrow estimated that about half of the sailors in World War II got tattooed.

"Maybe they fell victim to a sea-going tradition started by the English Captain Cook in the 1700s," he said, "or maybe they just had a Spartan desire to show off. Most of them don't know that tattoos were the old salts' weapons to fend off evil omens and bad luck."

IN THE OLD DAYS of peg-leg sea captains and pirates, the letters I-O-L-D F-A-S-T tattooed on the fingers of both hands between the knuckles and first joint insured the seaman against mishaps while climbing around the rope ladders and lofty riggings of the ship.

Pigs and roosters tattooed on the alloused feet of the old tars protected them from drowning, even tho those animals are notoriously poor swimmers.

"Some of the old timers," Sparrow declared, "even had ships' screws tattooed on their buttocks to give them extra thrust in life-saving swims should they ever be washed overboard."

Altho torso murals are sailing's trademark, they are also carried by a variety of other people. The King of Denmark has exotic Japanese dragons visiting and snarling all over his angular frame. The Duke of Windsor has a small anchor on his deltoid,

while Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery sports a butterfly on his right arm. Some Americans of note who have been tattooed are Eugene O'Neill and Dorothy Parker.

Probably the most tattooed man ever, anywhere, was an Albanian whom P. T. Barnum imported around 1870 for his circus. Barnum paid this walking art gallery \$1,000 a week for displaying as much as he could of a body covered completely with tattoos, even to the eyelids.

Certainly one of the first people to visit a tattooer must have been the one whose mummified corpse was pulled from a 2000 B.C. tomb several years ago.

Tattooing has utilitarian as well as artistic functions. The same "Pop" Warner who dealt in tempera lingerie was once called on by the Mayo clinic to tattoo color into the nipple of a breast built up by plastic surgery.

Many livestock owners use tattooing to identify their herds because they consider it more humane than a hot brand. Race horses have numbers tattooed on the inside of the lip to discourage betting coups made by running a fast thorobred in place of a slow one of similar appearance. Pedigreed dogs are sometimes tattooed to remove markings which are considered imperfect for show purposes. Fish are given tattoos under the gills to identify them in observation of their spawning habits.

The biped customers (the Professor calls them clients) who visit Sparrow sometimes have an original idea or reason for getting punctured. But generally they select from the wall an old standby design with a slogan like "Hands Across the Sea," "True Love" or "Faith, Hope and Charity."

After the customer has made his choice, Sparrow cuts a stencil of the design into a sheet of celluloid, places this over the area to be embellished and sprinkles it with powdered carbon, thereby leaving an outline of the pattern on the skin.

He dips the needles into the colors and turns on the current. A few blue sparks fly and the patient usually winces as the needles start biting. After the tattoo is finished, Sparrow covers it with a paper napkin held on by Scotch tape to prevent infection. With a red grease pencil he writes on the napkin the time at which the bandage is to be removed—three hours later.

Sailors and motorcycle riders, Spar-

row said, are the social groups most prominently represented among his clientele. Of approximately 400 people he has perforated here, four have been women—all young ones who wanted a conservative design such as a butterfly on the shoulder. Altho drunkenness at the hour of execution is the most common excuse given by those who come to regret their tattoos, the Professor said no more than a dozen patrons have been so far gone that he couldn't work on them.

The last few years have been comparatively lean ones for the tattooing craft. In 1937 it was estimated that ten per cent of American males had decorated hides. And, Sparrow punned, "Business gets a shot in the arm during wartime or conscription. A lot of artists have retired and are living comfortably on the proceeds of their trade in World War II. But right now business is not so good. Of course, we don't have to worry about the rent, because we operate on a concession basis. A percentage of the gross goes to the museum. I think 'museum' is a more appropriate word than 'arcade,' considering the age of most of the movies they show."

Altho the tattooing business is not what it might be, Sparrow said, he does have busy week ends when he makes ten or 15 designs a day. And better times may be ahead: a prominent doctor has suggested that everyone have his blood type tattooed on the torso as a civil defense measure.



MOSAIC

At three o'clock in the morning, a boy and a girl play "Whirly Bird" on a Rush street sidewalk, using wooden paddles to hurl and catch a shuttlecock with a suction cup on the tip.

THE OLD WHITE SOX WERE BEST



Buck Weaver, third baseman, an incomparable fielder from the Black Sox era.

*a box seat seminar, with
James T. Farrell as lead-off man*

I sit at my typewriter under the press of much work and, hence, I think of my favorite subject — baseball. And that leads me to dwell upon my favorite team, the Chicago White Sox. They have not won a pennant since 1919, but some day they will. If they do not win it because of themselves, then it will happen in spite of themselves. Sooner or later every big league team wins a pennant. Look at the old St. Louis Browns. They won in 1944.

And once again, after lean years stretching into lean decades, the White Sox have a first-class ball team. It is capable of playing .600 ball. If Mickey Mantle concentrates on beating Babe Ruth in strike-outs rather than home runs; if the Cleveland Indians think and dream too much of Dusty Rhodes; if a few more such things happen — 1955 could be the year the Sox won the pennant. Then we could all sit in Comiskey park next October and watch a World Series game.

Like many others, I have been waiting for this pleasure for a long, long time — much longer than the Republicans waited to have their man in the White House and sundry Republicans in sundry post offices from Maine to California. The Republicans were only out of power for 20 years. That is nothing compared to the drought the Sox have known.

As I say, I have what is called important work to do. Therefore I con-

When novelist Farrell chose his all-time all-star White Sox team, he prefaced it with what amounted, in the protocol of fandom, to an invitation: "For what it may be worth, and to whom it may annoy . . ." Accordingly eight other fans were asked to pick their teams. Some of the arbiters are leaders in fields other than sports, and some are just plain fanatical Sox lovers. The consensus of the symposium is represented in the players pictured here, who constitute a fitting enough entry in anybody's hot air league. However, it remained for the oldest fan, Amos Alonzo Stagg, to put an appropriate finish to the whole proceeding.



to sit here and think of our White Sox. So this impels me to pick my own all-time Chicago White Sox team. I select only players I have seen. For what it may be worth, and to whom it may annoy, here is my team:

Outfielders — Joe Jackson, Happy Felsch and Johnny Mostil. Third base, Buck Weaver; shortstop, Luke Appling; second base, Eddie Collins; first base, Hal Chase; catcher, Ray Schalk. For pitchers, I would pick the right hander and one left hander, and these are Big Ed Walsh and Lefty Williams.

It occurs to me that even tho the White Sox now have a .600 ball team for the first time in decades, there is not room for one of the current players in an all-time White Sox team. This observation, however, is offered with no intention of criticizing or slurring the present members of the team. Many of my selections are mere names of present-day fans and even to some of the present-day players. But every one of them was a great ball player.

Shoeless Joe Jackson has become one of the legends of baseball. He was a natural-born hitter. In 1911, in his first full season in the big leagues, he hit .408. He was then with Cleveland. He was traded to the Sox in 1915, and remained with them until he was expelled after the exposure of the Brown 1919 World Series in 1920. Old timers will recall him walking out of the White Sox dugout carrying

three bats. He would step into the batter's box, often swinging a black bat which was nicknamed "Black Betsy." He had a cat-like walk. He would stand up there, with his right toe turned in, dig in at the plate, wave the black bat, step into the pitch and meet the ball with an easy, powerful motion.

Hitters like Jackson are rare. Perhaps they are even more rare than a Ted Williams. Also, Jackson was a fine fielder and he had a powerful arm. He was called Shoeless Joe, but whether or not he once wore no shoes, he did know how to make shoestring catches. He would dive forward, slide on the ground and come up with the ball. He made such a catch in the first game of the 1917 World Series on a low liner hit by Lew McCarty, New York Giants catcher.

Happy Felsch was big and powerful. He was developing more and more as a hitter when he, also, was banished in 1920. He was a great fielder. He had not been with the Sox three years when he was being compared with Tris Speaker, and Speaker, of course, was considered the greatest fielding outfielder of his time. Felsch made catches look easy, almost as easy as Joe Di Maggio did. He cupped his hands and drew the ball in. Almost inevitably, he was under the ball. There are many, many good ball players. There are few great ones. Felsch was a great ball player.

My third choice, Johnny Mostil,

will possibly come as a surprise. Mostil was a center fielder, but on my team he would have to be put in right because of Felsch. But playing in right field, Mostil would probably have been catching foul balls in the right field stands. During his best years with the Sox, he was probably an entire outfield in himself.

Playing between Barrett and Bibb Falk, he ranged the outfield. Players sometimes called Falk and Barrett traffic cops. They waved to Johnny and told him to come and get the ball and he usually did. Also, he was a .300 hitter and a good base stealer. Two other great outfielders played with the Sox — Al Simmons and Harry Hooper. However, they saw their best years with other teams, and were not at the peak when they wore the Comiskey uniform.

I IMAGINE that probably nine out of ten White Sox fans would pick Buck Weaver, Luke Appling and Eddie Collins on their all-star team. Weaver was a ball player's ball player as well as a fan's idol. Raw when he came up in 1912, he acquired polish.

If current fans want to get some idea of Buck's polish, they might watch Jackie Robinson handling third base for the Dodgers. At third base, everything seemed easy for Buck. His sense of position was acute: it seemed that he was always in the right spot. The ball just went into his glove. Originally a weak hitter, he learned to

bat switch and became a .300 hitter.

And as for Appling, he is of recent vintage and memory. He could still probably play a good game of big league ball. All thru the lean years of second-division clubs, Appling was one of the outstanding stars of his day. He led the league in batting twice. Within a few years, he will undoubtedly be elected to the Hall of Fame.

Hal Chase spent only a short period with the White Sox and then jumped to the Federal league. But rarely has there been a player as spectacular. Two of the finest first basemen who ever played were George Sisler and Bill Terry. Everything was easy for them. With Chase it was the same, but he was faster. He could play farther away from the bag than any of his contemporaries, and he came in for bunts like lightning.

It was Chick Gandil who made the 1917 White Sox a champion team. They needed a first baseman and that was what they got in Gandil. But think of what a team we would have had in 1917 and 1919, had not Chase jumped to the Federal league. Had Chase remained with the Sox, they would probably have won the 1916 pennant. That year, Chase played with the Reds and led the National league in batting. Chase, also, was an expelled player. But first base play has never quite been the same since he broke into the big leagues. Some players are steady, sure. Eddie Collins was such a player. He was almost perfect. Everything he did on the diamond was marked by greatness. Others, like Cobb, were spectacular. Jackson was an example of sheer natural ability. Chase was something else; he was dazzling.

At long last, Ray Schalk has been elected to the Hall of Fame. But if one saw Ray catch many times, there is no other catcher. Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth described him as "the perfect catcher."

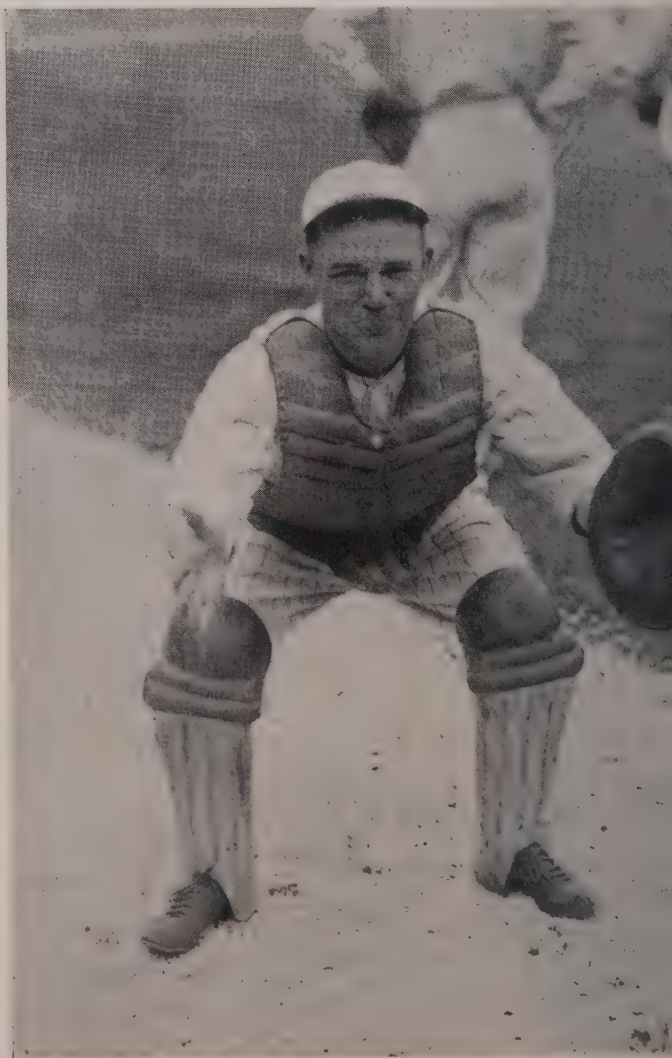
Besides Walsh and Lefty Williams, there have been many other great White Sox pitchers. Among them were Red Faber, Ted Lyons and Eddie Cicotte.

If a pitcher like Lyons had spent 21 years pitching for the New York Yankees instead of the White Sox, baseball would have been ruined. There would have been no competition. Lyons might well have ended up winning close to 400 games. On the mound, Lyons, besides being so effective, was as graceful as a dancer. He pitched with remarkable ease.

Red Faber was a great pitcher and also belongs in the Hall of Fame. He had strength, stamina and too much stuff. And Cicotte pitched like an



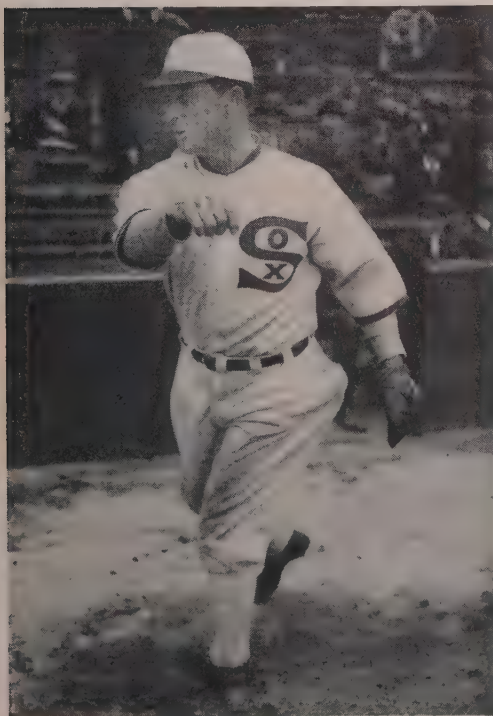
Ray Schalk, catcher, "the little man with the big mitt."





Pitcher Ted Lyons. "If he had been with the Yankees, baseball would have been ruined."

Pitcher Ed Walsh, who won 40 games in one season.



artist. He was a neat pitcher. His games were marked by brevity and efficiency. With a good team behind him, the batters usually hit where he wanted them to and not where they would have liked to. Inning after inning rolled by, and there was the same quick, steady performance. One or two runs was a big margin for Cicotte.

But still there is Ed Walsh. I saw him only during his last good years. Big and handsome, he was a powerful pitcher and a workhorse. In 1908 (fortunately before my time) he won 40 games. I remember in August, 1911, he pitched the only no-hit game I ever saw. The victims were the Boston Red Sox.

And, finally, there is Lefty Williams. He was not a big man. He pitched rather fast and threw side arm. He had remarkable control. He and Cicotte together just about constituted a pitching staff. Add Faber to that and you have something that would even give the 1955 Cleveland Indians a bit of green-eyed envy. And at one time, these three pitchers were together on the White Sox and at their peak.

But now, this all belongs to the past. These players exist largely in the long memories of baseball fans. And at last, even if the White Sox do not win the pennant, they are once again a ball club. They are capable of dispelling the ghosts of the past in the minds of us old-time fans when we sit in Comiskey park.

We can look out at the field and think, that is Virgil Trucks, and not merely a substitute for a pitcher we saw in other years. And we can also think the same of Fox, Carrasquel, Minnie Minoso and others on the team. It has been many years since we White Sox fans could watch and read about a .600 ball club in Comiskey park. All power to our current team.

From the Briefcase

Studs Terkel, the television star whom many consider the greatest living exhibit of Chicagoana, also favored the old-time players:

"At first base, Joe Kuhel, the slickest fielding first baseman the Sox ever had, and a good clutch hitter. There was a grace to the guy.

"Second base, Eddie Collins. Actually further comment is unnecessary, but Eddie was an educated ballplayer, one of the brainiest I've ever seen.

"At shortstop I'll take Chico Carrasquel. He's a real cat in the field, despite a mental lapse now and then.

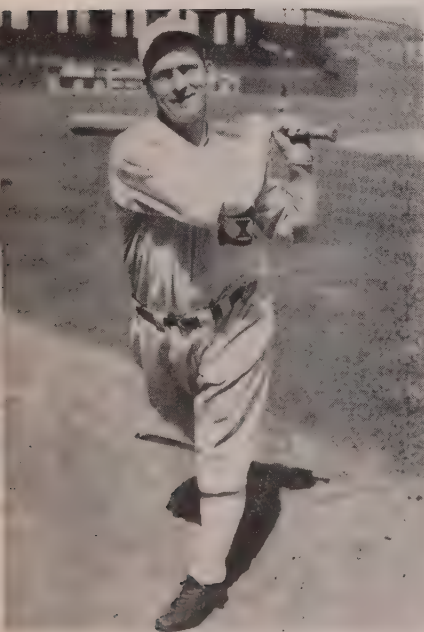
"Nobody like Buck Weaver has



Orestes Minoso, the only current player on the team.



Shoeless Joe Jackson, "the greatest natural swinger."



Johnny Mostil, "an entire outfield in himself."

played third base before or since. The only one who approached him at the position was Pie Traynor of the Pirates. Buck made plays in the field that have never been made since.

"Shoeless Joe Jackson is the only possible choice for left field. He was the greatest natural swinger of all time.

"For center field I'll take Johnny Mostil. He was a real ball hawk, comparable to Tris Speaker.

"My right fielder would be Bibb Falk, the most underrated player the Sox have had. He was an outstanding man with a weak team.

"For catcher, Ray Schalk, the little man with the big mitt.

"I'd take three pitchers—Ed Walsh, Eddie Cicotte and Ted Lyons. Walsh was one of the most iron of men. He was the one who made the hitless wonders of 1906 to 1908 wonderful. Cicotte was one of the best spitball pitchers. Lyons was a great pitcher with a second division team. With a strong team behind him, he would have won 25 games several years in a row."

Rookie Fancier

Players of the present generation got a break from Mrs. Helen Rommel, a waitress who sees all the night and week-end games at Comiskey park. She wrote these selections on the back of a menu:

First base, Joe Kuhel; second base, Nelson Fox; shortstop, Luke Appling; third base, George Kell; catcher, Sherman Lollar; left field, Orestes Minoso; center field, Jim Busby; right field, Jim Rivera; pitchers, Virgil Trucks and Thornton Lee.

Voice of Experience

M. J. Conroy, president of the Gordy Freight Lines, has seen thousands of games since he began watching the Sox in 1908. He was once batboy for the old Bloomington team in the Three-Eye league. He goes to every home game and some of the out-of-town ones. The old-timers are dominant on his team:

"You can only pick one man for your catcher—Ray Schalk.

"You'll need four pitchers, so I'll take Ed Walsh, Lefty Williams, Ted Lyons and Red Faber. My infield is Chick Gandil at first, Eddie Collins at second, Luke Appling at short and Buck Weaver at third base.

"Naturally you have Joe Jackson in left field. Then you've got Johnny Mostil and you've got Happy Felsch

to round out the outfield.

"The younger generation has never seen most of these players, but they were all great; they were with the team for a long time and they proved themselves.

"Of course you're going to need substitutes. Suppose Eddie Collins gets hurt. You need reserve infielders, and my first choice is Nelson Fox; I have to put him above Carrasque. This lad Fox has a lot of spirit. They say Casey Stengel would give his right eye to have him, and you can see why. Chico has his lapses when he does a little dreaming, but I'll take him as my second shortstop.

"Hal Chase is my second choice at first base and Jimmy Dykes at third. Minnie Minoso is a guy who gives everything he's got, and he's my reserve outfielder.

"I have to mention two more pitchers, Monty Stratton, whose career was cut short when he lost a leg in an accident, and Billy Pierce of the present team.

"Ted Lyons, tho, was the greatest pitcher I ever saw. Nothing bothered him. If somebody made an error, he just pitched that much harder. If my life depended on one baseball game, I'd pitch Lyons.

"The best manager the Sox ever had was Clarence Rowland, who ran the championship team of 1917. He was the smartest of them all. [Rowland is now an executive with the Cubs.] My next choice as manager would be Kid Gleason, whose team won the pennant in 1919.

"They talk about the Yankees having a strong bench. My team would have terrific reserve strength. I'd like to see any team in baseball history try to beat it."

Fit for a King

Four otherwise unheralded heroes of the past were contributed by Nat "King" Cole, the South Sider who has become monarch of the popular music realm.

At first base he picked Earl Sheely, a first baseman of the middle 1920s who holds the club record for hitting the most doubles in a season. Cole's third baseman is Willie Kamm, another star of the '20s, who led the American league in fielding eight times.

Al Simmons and Carl Reynolds are teamed with Minoso in Cole's outfield. Nellie Fox is at second base and Luke Appling at shortstop.

Red Faber and Ted Lyons would pitch, and Ray Schalk would receive.

Who's on First?

Robert E. Merriam's choices indicated that his independence is manifest in sports as well as politics. The former University of Chicago sprinter picked an infield consisting of a shortstop, Luke Appling, a third baseman, Bill Cissell, and two second basemen, Jackie Hayes and Nelson Fox.

Merriam's other selections were more orthodox — Ray Schalk catching; Joe Jackson, Minnie Minoso and Johnny Mostil in the outfield, and Red Faber, Ted Lyons and Ed Walsh pitching.

Not Zeke!

A player who made up in color what he lacked in finesse was named by County Commissioner Charles F. Chaplin, who chose Zeke Bonura as his first baseman. Collins, Appling and Weaver round out the infield on Chaplin's squad, with Jackson, Felsch and Minoso tending what sports writers call the garden. Ray Schalk is the catcher, and Ed Walsh and Ted Lyons handle the pitching.

Prime Beef

Minnie Minoso is the only present tenant of Comiskey park on the team picked by Don Roth, owner of the Blackhawk restaurant. Jackson and Mostil join Minnie in Roth's outfield. His infielders are the same as Farrell's, Hal Chase at first, Eddie Collins at second, Luke Appling at short and Buck Weaver at third.

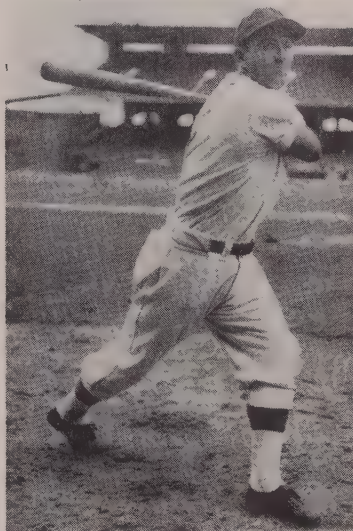
On Roth's team, Red Faber and Ted Lyons would throw the ball to Ray Schalk.

To End All Teams

A fitting final contribution to the all-star subject was made by Amos Alonzo Stagg, the Grand 92-Year-Old Man. "I would never take part in picking any kind of an all-star team," he declared firmly.

"I used to refuse Walter Camp every year when he asked me to help pick the all-American football team. I wouldn't even nominate any of the boys on my own teams.

"It isn't right to single out one player above the others on the team. And it doesn't make sense to try to compare athletes from different eras, anyway."



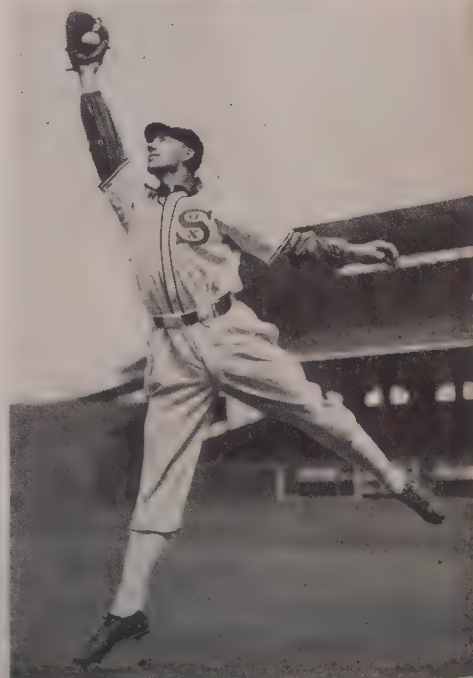
Luke Appling, shortstop, the only Sox player ever to lead the league in hitting.



Eddie Collins, the compleat baseball player at second base.

Joe Kuhel. He and Hal Chase tied for the selection at first base, the position most disputed by the box seat experts.

design by Carl Schranz
drawings by Larry Klein



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INSTITUTE OF DESIGN





Walter Gropius



Laszlo Moholy-Nagy

*The revolution in art education and design,
realized in the ID, makes it great.*

*The crisis: will ID forget its role
and become a vocational school?*

by John Chancellor

Like an artist in a garret, the Institute of Design has had to spend constant effort on the essentials of survival and at the same time, incredibly, has spent even more energy on its creative life.

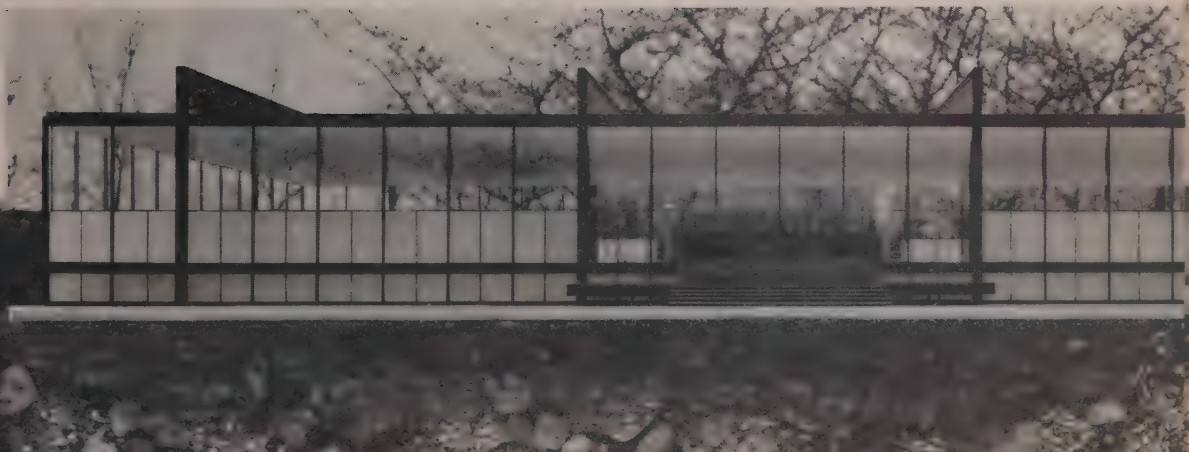
The ID has dodged thru Chicago for 18 years, from shelter to temporary shelter, living always in the shadow of financial terrors and poor enrolments. Now it is poised to move again, from the old gray Chicago Historical Society building at Dearborn and Ontario streets to a new custom-built home on the international-style campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology.

When the semester ended last month, the ID still had all its glory about it: wherever those graduates go with their diplomas, the world of art and design will regard them as educated by *the* institute of design. Their regimen of study has been unique and thoro, and the faculty that gave the final exams in June was studded with respected names.

But in the fall, things will be different — exactly how different is the question that has boiled the friends and foes of the ID to crisis pitch.

The ID, again like the artist in the garret, has never been very well understood — has been perhaps so embroiled in its own world of developing theories that it has failed to make

he rocky road from the **BAUHAUS**



much effort to be understood.

For example, it is possible to arouse hostility on the part of intense ID personnel (they are all intense) by calling the place an art school. It is not an art school; it is a school of design. Before the Bauhaus, there were no schools of design; and the ID is the lineal heir of the great German Bauhaus of the 1920s, the organization that broke the visual barrier to make way for the design of all things we call modern.

These days, it's called the Institute of Design of the Illinois Institute of Technology, but that is its married name. In its vagabond youth, it was known as the School of Design, the New Bauhaus or just the Bauhaus. In 36 years of gypsy life, thru a succession of harrowing crises, it has made its influence felt in most schools of architecture in the world, in many millions of products, in the advertising aeries of Madison and Michigan avenues, in print shops and furniture showrooms, and in all things touched by mid-twentieth century design.

It has turned out some 1,500 teachers, designers and architects, as well as a relatively good percentage of first class artists.

To get the full flavor of the Perils-of-Pauline history of the ID, one must reach back to the first toddling days of the Weimar Republic in Germany. The war had ruined relics of the artistic past and produced technologies for the artistic future, and in 1918 Berlin, Paris and London were filled with young artists, seeking the new art forms and a merging of art with the war-born industrial techniques and products.

They produced first those tubular monstrosities that were the elder cousins of today's design. And they matured quickly. For the Barcelona exhibition of 1927, Mies van der Rohe designed, in addition to a beautiful, startling pavilion, a chair. The same chair perches gracefully today in the lobby of his glass houses at 880 Lake Shore drive: as fluid and functional a design as it was 28 years ago.

Those were the days of Constructivism, the Suprematists, of Piet Mondrian's first experiments in black line and primary-colored rectangles on white canvas; of the settings designed by Picasso and Leger for the Diaghilev ballet; the Eisenstein films; Le Corbusier's *City of Three Million People*; Marcel Duchamp's staircase; of Walter Gropius' *Total Theater*.

The decade after 1920 was a visual renaissance: out of it flowered a single, altho international, community of designers and experimenters.

Thus, in 1919, at Weimar, the *Staatliche Bauhaus* was organized. The original program promised "intellectual, manual and technological education of creative people for design work." Wassily Kandinsky, Lyonel Feininger, Paul Klee and Walter Gropius were on the faculty. They were joined in 1923 by an intense young Hungarian named Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, the man destined to inherit the Bauhaus and all its future problems.

MOHOLY BECAME a philosopher and a great teacher. Gropius has written of him: "His greatest effort as an artist was devoted to the conquest of space. His genius ventured into all realms of science and art to unravel the phenomena of space and light. In painting, sculpture and architecture, in theater and industrial design, in photography and film, in advertising and typography, he strove incessantly to interpret space in its relation to time, that is, motion in space."

The interpretation of space in its relation to time admittedly is not a course of inquiry for the amateur or the faint of heart. But an appreciation of the art of the 1920s may throw some light of this subject: the painters of immovable objects had been replaced by artists like Duchamp with his famous *Nude Descending the Stairs*. Film, both in the still photograph and motion pictures, was achieving status as an art form. The

cubists had broken objects up into their fundamental shapes. And Moholy was interested in *moving* lines, rather than static forms.

The charting of these frontiers at the Bauhaus led directly to the clean, sculptured lines of today's design, found in objects as dissimilar as hospitals and the Parker '51 pen—as a Saarinen chair and an airplane hangar.

Within a few fast-moving years, the Bauhaus drew an international audience. Fourteen Bauhaus Books, which were to become the books of the bible of modern design, had been published, and the Bauhaus itself had moved to Dessau.

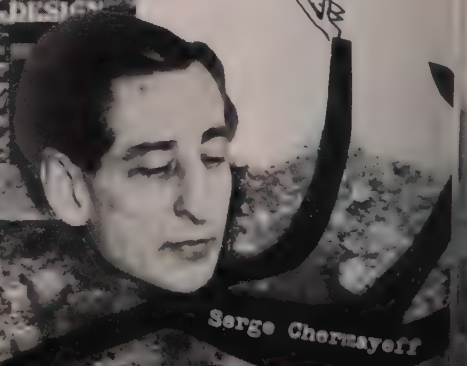
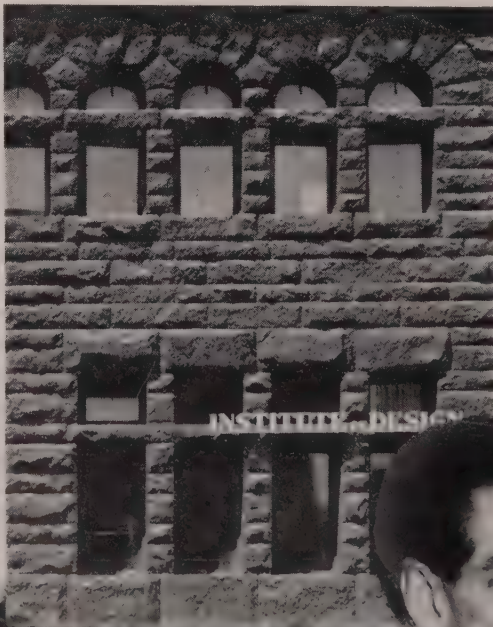
Then came Hitler and the Bauhaus fell. It fell because the German nation became an impossible place for Moholy and Gropius and their kind of theorist.

Moholy and his wife, Sibyl, a woman of exceptional intelligence and patience, went to Holland, then England, where he worked at such varied tasks as window-dressing and the production of experimental films. Sibyl was to accompany Moholy to America and, after his death, write a perceptive biography: *Moholy-Nagy—Experiment in Totality*.

By 1937, most of the old Bauhaus men were scattered around the world. Gropius had come to America, where he was teaching, building houses of notable architectural interest and boosting Moholy.

In June of 1937 a cable arrived at the Moholy-Nagy home in London:

PLAN DESIGN SCHOOL ON
BAUHAUS LINES TO OPEN IN
FALL. MARSHALL FIELD OF-





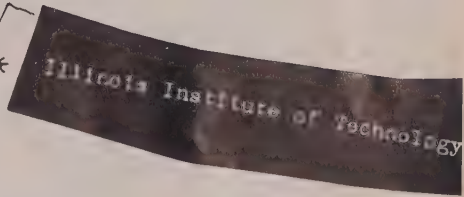
destruction of philosophy

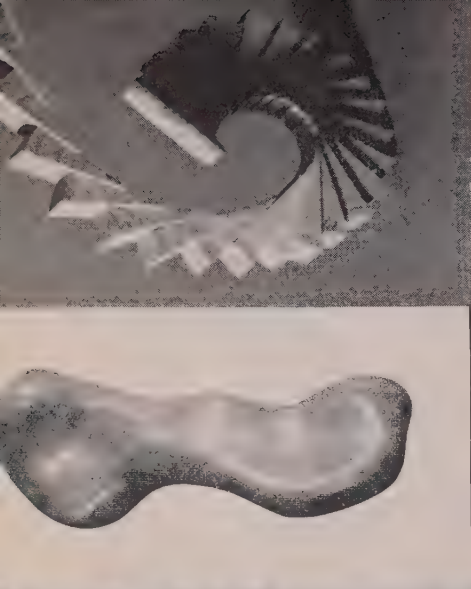
14 teachers
protest new

ID director

"Not resigned yet," declares Jay Doblin
Students Back Faculty In Opposing
New Director At IIT Design School

2 Resign, 3 Fired In Faculty Revolt At IIT
Students take stand in defense
of creative freedom of ID



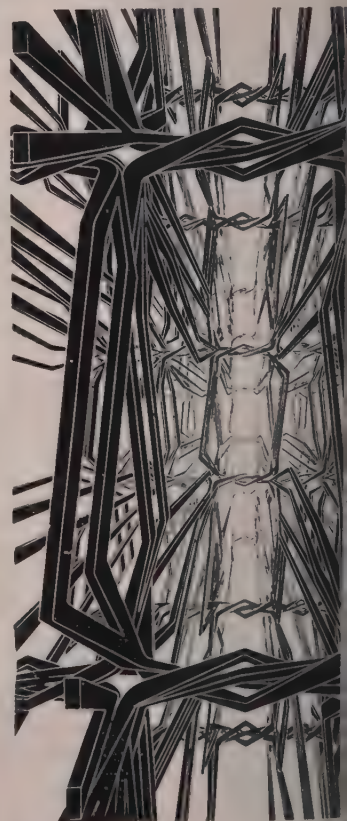


The solution of each problem by each ID student is an original expression, the purpose of which is "to develop creative thinking which may be applied to whatever problem may arise."

Sheer inventiveness: paper sculpture, upper left; hand sculpture made to please the sense of touch alone, at left. The distance between such aesthetic experiments and the daily world is not great: the first design for a fluorescent light guard was paper sculpture; hand sculpture is the basis for design of handles of tools.

Interpretation of problem: virtual volume achieved photographically, opposite page, by spinning a bent wire in a beam of light; seating, left below and opposite — chairs very like these were being made at the ID 15 years ago.

Shelter design: open air sleeping terrace for tuberculosis patients, opposite page, was done by students this year, uses prefabricated elements, in line with ID's identification with the machine age. Immediately below, Konrad Wachsmann's preliminary study for a new structural approach to multi-story building. The whole structure repeats one basic wishbone-shaped unit.



FERS FAMILY MANSION PRAIRIE AVENUE. STABLES TO BE CONVERTED INTO WORKSHOPS. DOCTOR GROPIUS SUGGESTS YOU AS DIRECTOR. ARE YOU INTERESTED?

A field marshal, a prairie, a stable and Chicago. It sounded too primitive.

A month later, another cable: MARSHALL FIELD PHILANTHROPIST AND BUSINESSMAN. OTHER SPONSORS AVERY OF CYPRIUM AND MONTGOMERY WARD; KOHLER, WISCONSIN; PAEPCKE, CONTAINER CORPORATION. THEIR BACKING ASSURED. CAN YOU COME TO CHICAGO FOR NEGOTIATIONS?

Moholy came. In July of 1937, from a suite in the Knickerbocker hotel, he wrote Sibyl: "... it all *looks* familiar, but when you investigate, it is a different culture. It is no culture yet, just a million beginnings."

THE GINGERBREAD Marshall Field mansion on Prairie avenue was, indeed, big enough for a school. Armed with promises of funds, a small enrolment, an unsteady faculty, Moholy threw a few parties for the people who were expected to give money, and the new Bauhaus was in business.

In a stirring speech on opening day, Moholy said, "We don't want to add to the art-proletariat that already exists. We don't teach what is 'pure art' but we train what you might call the 'art engineer.' If our students become artists — this is their own job. We know that after they have learned to understand space, to see color, they'll be better artists no matter how far removed they think they are from the practical life.

"But to you, the industrialists," he said, "we offer our services for research. We shall work on your prob-



lems. In our own workshops we shall provide research possibilities for synthetic fibers, fashions, dyeing, printing on textiles, wallpaper design, mural painting, the use of varnishes, lacquers, sprays and color combination in decorating; we shall explore for you typography, layout, commercial and portrait photography, microphotography, motion pictures in color and black and white, commercial art in posters and packages. We shall design stage display, window and shop display, exposition architecture and all other architectural structures from a prefabricated bungalow to a factory; and we shall work with stone, glass, metal, wood, clay and all plastics in the product design and sculpture fields."

This has been regarded by the ID as something of a Sermon on the Mount. It summed up Moholy's vast, personal curriculum.

But the New Bauhaus in Chicago failed after one term. The troubles were traced to a small enrolment (a chronic ID ailment), faculty strife (a condition so prevalent at the ID that it became the normal state of affairs) and a lack of financial enthusiasm on

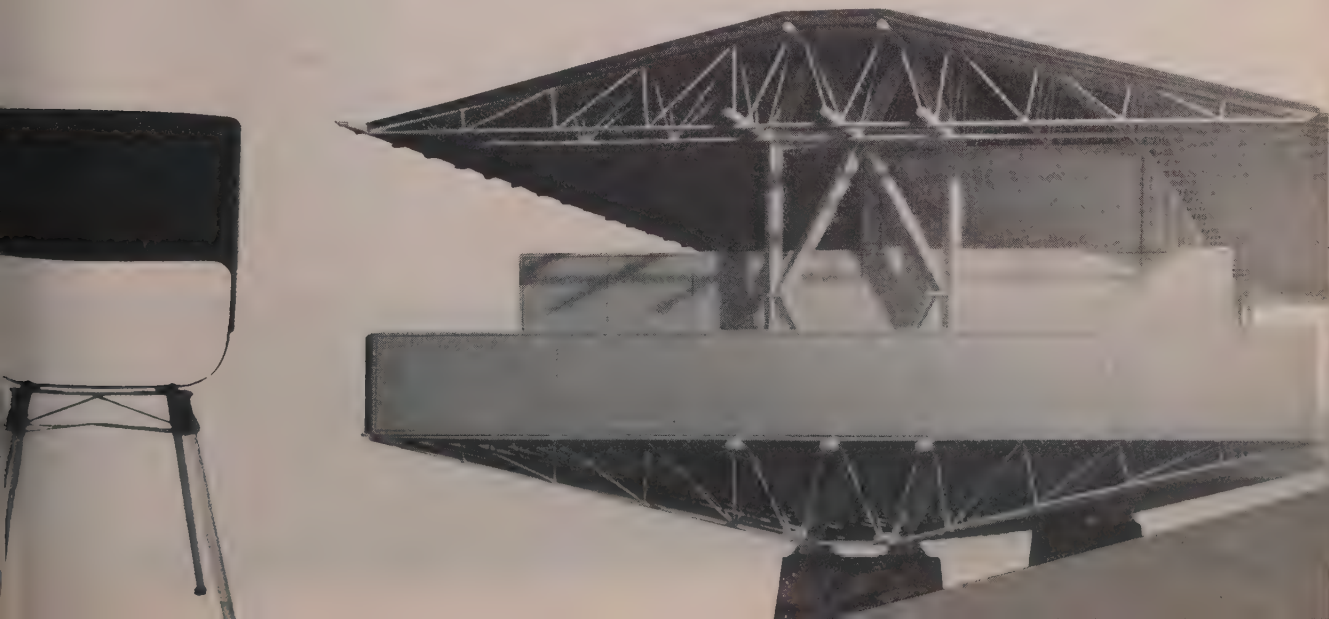
the part of the sponsors (the third constant in ID problems).

Chapter one in the Bauhaus saga had ended in Germany and chapter two in Chicago, where the rest would unfold. Moholy had, when the school closed, an apartment at 1210 Astor, a mortgage on the Field house in lieu of back pay, a growing reputation and an unmatched power of persuasion. One day soon after, in the Astor street apartment, he persuaded seven colleagues to teach for nothing. Then he went out and searched the Near North Side for a place to put the New Bauhaus, once removed. He found his location in a big loft at 247 east Ontario.

Under the shakiest circumstances imaginable, in January of 1939, the newly-named School of Design went into business at the Ontario street address, right under the rehearsal hall of the Chez Paree, which was around the corner.

"It was a really fantastic place," recalls a former student. "Nobody on the faculty ever knew when he was going to get paid, and there weren't many students. Things would get terribly gloomy and everyone would know there wasn't any money in the bank, and then Moholy would go out and persuade someone to buy one of his paintings. He would come back with a thousand dollars and it would be fine for a while. Then it would all happen all over again."

Academically, the School of Design was a carefully calculated free-for-all. There were no grades or tests. Moholy once wrote, "Let the students investigate each visual problem as it presents itself — display, for instance, and the effect of light and color on transparent materials, of positive-negative relationships in film and photogram. From these experiments, done with their own hands, they will come to



conclusions about the general validity of our approach, its formative power. Within a fixed curriculum, the result to which the student has to come is already determined. It's like cutting a wedge from a melon. It will always fit exactly in the same old place."

The foundation course taught now at the ID for the first year and a half stands as a good example of the emphasis placed on individual development. The ID freshman has classes in visual fundamentals (drawing, color, painting, mechanical drawing and art history), 'basic workshop' (the creative use of wood and metal), photography, sculpture, mathematics, physics, English and economics.

Within this framework exist some teaching methods peculiar to the ID — hand sculpture, for instance. A hand sculpture is a small object made to be pleasing to the sense of touch alone, as to a blind man. Most hand sculptures turn out to be visually pleasing as well. There are also tactile charts, made of different textures and designed to be felt rather than seen.

Later, the student specializes in product design, photography, visual design or shelter design.

The students were individualistic, even for students, in those first tempestuous days under the Chez Paree dance floor. But they were bound together by devotion to Moholy and the school, and they developed formidable intensity in their lives and work.

The catalog of the School of Design (as it was then known) was a masterpiece. It listed course after course that simply didn't exist save in the hopeful mind of Moholy, who was at that time spending 20 hours a day raising funds and teaching. In 1945 an angry group of older students held a protest meeting about the over-enthusiastic catalog. Moholy strode into the room—a stocky, resolute man with a shock of gray hair, rimless glasses and a monstrosly infectious smile—and in moments talked the group into a visionary acceptance of the catalog's promises.

The regular courses have been supplemented by special lectures: Fernand Leger came and talked in French; Man Ray, the photographer and no friend of Moholy's, was cajoled off a train for a lecture; Richard Neu-

tra, the architect, has spoken; so have Charles Eames; sculptor Alexander Archipenko; Gropius; Buckminster Fuller, the revolutionary architect; James Johnson Sweeney on literature; S. I. Hayakawa on semantics.

There were no grades or tests in those days, but the school did hold a mid-term exhibit at which the faculty publicly judged the work of the student body. There were few last names or titles used, and a spirit of cooperative experimentation ran thru the school.

Things were going well at the School of Design, even if some of the space was used to store caviar from the Chez Paree, and even if some of the teachers went without pay for embarrassingly long periods.

In 1944, chapter three began: Walter Paepcke of the Container Corporation, a man who had been among the original and long-gone sponsors of the school in America, persuaded Moholy to turn the financial burdens over to a board and confine himself to teaching. The name of the school was changed to the Institute of Design.

Moholy always seemed to have bad luck with boards and administrators. The first request of the new board was for more students: less than 100 were enrolled in 1944. The board complained to Moholy that none of the famous names of the original Bauhaus was teaching in Chicago. Not long after that, the board suggested he close the school.

Moholy wouldn't. But in one year, thanks to an influx of veterans, the day enrolment jumped from 92 to 366, and \$40,000 in tuition went into the bank account.

The money and the students gave the ID a sense of security, which lasted until the loft building was sold.

This time Moholy found his location in the wedge-shaped building bounded by State, Oak and Rush streets. But it proved to be a hectic and unhappy place and after a year the lease was canceled. Chapter five opened in the big gray building on Ontario and Dearborn which, with its capacious halls and rooms, has been a good home for the ID.

On November 24, 1946, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy died, the victim of

leukemia and a lifetime of overwork.

While Moholy lived, the school had been his personal domain and responsibility. Now it shifted to other hands. Serge Chermayeff, an architect who had been teaching at Brooklyn college, and a man with an explosive and eloquent temper, came to direct the school.

It was at this point that the school, in an effort to settle the financial security question once and for all, merged with the Illinois Institute of Technology, becoming a degree-granting department in the engineering division. Chermayeff left soon after for Harvard.

CROMBIE TAYLOR, who became acting director, said, "We were afraid of the student depression that would come when the government stopped paying for veterans, and altho we had a \$100,000 bank account, we wanted the chance to be part of a larger organization.

"But there were two things wrong with the move: one, the entrance requirements of IIT included more math than our students need, and more stringent qualifications generally. Two, the Institute of Design was losing its identity as a separate school, and became just another department of IIT." Grades and tests were brought in, and thus was the free-form curriculum of Moholy altered.

The IIT created a screening committee of ID professors, to consider candidates for ID directorship. In three years, 25 candidates were interviewed. It was a difficult post to fill. Moholy had left a job with impossibly high standards, and no one man *could* replace him.

Crombie Taylor suggested to IIT that a dean be appointed over IIT's architecture and urban planning departments and the Institute of Design. But Taylor wanted a shift in the balance: he wanted three schools, divided into architecture, product design and visual communication.

The IIT retained the old balance, and commissioned van der Rohe to draw plans for a single building housing all three departments. The structure, on the site of the old Mecca building, is under construction and

scheduled for occupancy this fall.

Several men had been proposed for the directorship but, for one reason or another, none was acceptable to both ID and IIT. Finally IIT, insisting that a budget must be drawn, announced an appointment.

The man is Jay Doblin, 35, a designer who has worked for Raymond Loewy for eleven years. Doblin, a graduate of Pratt Institute, for three years headed that school's evening classes in industrial design. It is interesting to note that Sibyl Moholy-Nagy now teaches art history in the Pratt day school, but Doblin says he has not talked to her about the ID.

Doblin has made two visits to Chicago to meet the ID faculty and on both occasions was met by a group with high, arched brows. The faculty at the ID do not care for Doblin, and they have said so. And he has no love for them.

In April, the faculty unanimously signed an open letter to President J. T. Rettaliata of IIT. The letter restated "certain fundamental tenets of our approach to the education of the designer, which we feel have been brought into serious jeopardy . . .

"The designer must be more than a stylist or decorator who caters to fashionable or opportunistic needs. The designer must be an ethically responsible professional with a developed creative ability based on the most penetrating scientific and artistic insights of our time. A true, growing and expanding economy demands a growing and expanding culture. . . . The present tendency is to consume the 'yield' of the past few decades. A school that does not fertilize the ground for future growth is not only failing to contribute to the development of its culture, but is actually a parasite on that culture."

The statement concluded, ". . . this appointment represents a fundamental departure from our educational purpose." It asked that Doblin's appointment be reconsidered.

One faculty member has elaborated: "He certainly is not the ideal man for the school. It is a complex and special organization, and he represents a limited sort of design, altho he's done some excellent practical work. The Institute has been an ex-

perimental school where students are not prepared for technical occupations or immediate jobs, and Mr. Doblin can't maintain that level. We must have leadership based on continuing ideas, creative ideas; we don't want an administrator."

Dean Ralph G. Owens of the engineering division of IIT, a man who clearly has inherited a hot potato, however well designed, says, "Doblin was appointed only after the permanent members of the faculty had met him and had been consulted individually, and it was ascertained that there were no objections to his appointment." Doblin was appointed with tenure.

The ID version is that the appointment was simply sprung on them, without definitive consultation between IIT and the ID faculty.

It has been reported that several faculty members at the ID have been fired, within the context of the Doblin issue. IIT says this isn't so. Some contracts weren't renewed, they say, because enrolment is down: in 1950 the ID had 328 full-time students, and at the start of the last spring term, only 95 were registered.

DOBLIN, STILL AT WORK in the Loewy office in New York, says he is coming here in September. He adds, "I'm amazed at this whole thing. I want these men to teach what they want to teach, in their own way. If we have any teaching disagreements, there won't be any resignations, because I'll make adjustments in the balance thru my own additional appointments to the faculty. I've had petitions from the students, and a couple of rough interviews with the faculty, but I'm coming out anyway.

"We need more students and a realistic approach to the teaching of designers. When we turn out a graduate, I want him to be a skilled designer, with a good cultural background and a clear view of the realities outside the classroom. There are a lot of design jobs in Chicago: the town can absorb 25 new designers a year. This year, I think, the ID is graduating four, and two of them aren't going into practical design work. I want to fix that, and I want to do some missionary work with industry."

Doblin's two missionary visits with the faculty have failed. Out of 14 teachers, six have gone already, and the rest are restless and troubled.

Konrad Wachsmann, a colorful and often successful experimenter, and head of the advanced building research and shelter design department, has quit. IIT says his special research project contract wasn't renewed.

Hugo Weber, who headed the important foundation course, will resign at the end of a leave of absence.

Harold Cohen, a student from the days of Moholy, and head of the product design department, has resigned.

Charles Forberg, assistant professor in architecture and Gropius' son-in-law, has left.

Peter Selz, assistant professor in art history, has taken another job.

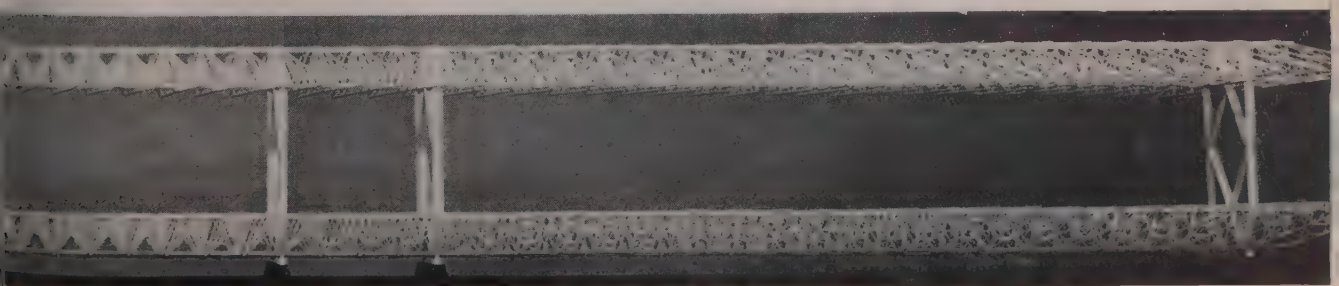
And Crombie Taylor, an old deputy of Moholy's and acting director for the past four years, has resigned to go into private architecture.

THE FEELING NOW, on the part of both the remaining faculty and the large fringe group of people interested in the ID, is that the basic trouble is that IIT, as governor of ID's fate, has never really understood what the ID is: its heritage, significance, methods and objectives. There is also a feeling that the gap can be breached. An IIT-ID liaison group is now forming around a nucleus of 30 ID alumni and other interested people, to be called "Friends of the Institute of Design."

Another interested group, the powerful Society of Industrial Designers, is pulling in Doblin's direction: it wants to see an increase in designers with specific vocational training.

It is noteworthy that at IIT the position of dean at the helm of the architecture and urban planning divisions and the Institute of Design remains unfilled. If a man of the Bauhaus *metier* gets the dean's job, the ID could come thru the present crisis, one of the worst it has faced, with its important future in understanding hands.

design by Elsa Kula



Joe Polowsky and the Russian Peace Offensive

One week last spring, Moscow made a series of moves that were hailed as the end of the cold war. Against this backdrop, a young idealist met success after an 8-year crusade.

Twice in his 37 years, Joseph Polowsky has been in the public eye. The first time was April 25, 1945, in Germany, when he was one of the first GIs to contact Russian soldiers as the armies met at the Elbe river. The second time was last spring, when he inspired a reunion of Elbe link-up veterans, American and Russian, that climaxed in four days of festivity and good will in Moscow.

After both these occasions, the press asked Polowsky whether the Russians were friendly and whether he liked vodka. When he is asked to make a speech (Rotary, veterans' groups, etc.) he delivers a straightforward account of the Elbe meeting and anniversary, stressing that the men vowed friendship in 1945 and renewed the vow in 1955, and that this gesture on the part of common soldiers symbolizes the world's desire for peace.

Polowsky is dynamic, serious and apparently single-minded. And, tho he is voluble and friendly, he is not easy to figure out.

Joe Polowsky grew up in the area around Western and Division, the youngest child of a Russian immigrant couple. His father died when Joe was eleven. The family, a large one, has now prospered and left behind its Old World identity and name — all except Joe, who refused the new English name and is proud to be "the last of the Polowskys." He still lives, with his mother, in the old neighborhood.

Beginning when he was 15, at Tuley high school, he doggedly read Oswald Spengler, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Herbert Spencer and Henri Bergson. His school mates included Sydney Harris, Saul Bel-

low and Isaac Rosenfeld, but Joe did not fit into their literary milieu. He joined no student organizations, never appeared at the debate club.

Joe was in the army for four years and, despite his brush with history at the Elbe river, he came out a private. In 1946 he entered the University of Chicago where he began work toward a degree in plant pathology.

In the spring of 1947 the first blasts of the cold war, the Greek and Turkish crises, occurred, and Polowsky was so concerned about it that he quit school. He planned to stay out for just two weeks, during which he would devote himself to trying to get April 25, the anniversary of the Elbe link-up, remembered: he would urge that the peace not be thrown away.

The two weeks extended into eight years: Polowsky was unable to give up a fixed idea that if he could once bring the significance of the Elbe anniversary to international attention, it would necessarily be a contribution to world brotherhood.

For three years, he campaigned to get the United Nations to declare April 25 world peace day. Eventually, the governments of Lebanon, Costa Rica and the Philippines agreed to sponsor his idea. Then the Korean war began.

During the war, Polowsky could not abandon the project, tho he acknowledged he had failed with the U.N. He began an annual program, distributing press releases, letters and copies of a short piece he wrote called "The Oath of the Elbe"; these went to U.N. delegates, governors, senators, foreign and domestic newspapers, wherever power resided.

Finally, this year, it occurred to him to round up the Elbe veterans themselves. Painstakingly he traced 65 of the 91 men and on March 11 he wrote to them suggesting a tenth anniversary reunion in Washington.

The idea to get the Russian Elbe veterans to join the reunion came to him soon afterward, and he wrote a letter addressed simply "To the Soviet Veterans of the Elbe River Link-up." It ended, "The high resolve we had ten years ago at the Elbe river must still be in all of us," and was signed with Polowsky's name alone. Three weeks later, a cable invited the Americans to Moscow instead, and after various skirmishes to raise money nine Americans set off for Moscow.

He wants to return, now, to his private life. Tho he is \$4,000 in debt as a result of his eight-year campaign and the trip abroad, he is thinking of marriage. He is trying to get a Ford foundation scholarship which would give him a chance to complete a work of philosophy which he began in high school and has worked on at intervals in the 20 years since. Polowsky's system of philosophy, which he estimates it will take five years to put in publishable form, would do "what Herbert Spencer tried to do . . . approaching philosophy thru biology instead of biology and epistemology alone." The century has not yet had, he says, its important philosopher.

He describes himself as a midwestern Republican, slightly to the right of center, "with no fanciful views."

In his inside coat pocket, he carries a typed copy of "The Speech at the

Stone," the final chapter of **The Brothers Karamazov**: a group of youths, at the funeral of a little boy who was a martyr to poverty, resolve—for the boy's sake—on peace and brotherhood as a way of life. The parallel between Dostoyevsky's vow at the stone and Polowsky's oath at the Elbe is striking. "Whatever happens," Polowsky says, "I am going to celebrate in 1957. That's the 100th anniversary of Dostoyevsky's release from penal custody. Perhaps it should be observed as a holiday . . ."

by Joseph Polowsky

Ten years ago, caught up in the swirl of events near the close of the war in Europe, we American infantrymen of the 69th Division, First Army, with the patrol mission of making contact with the advance Soviet forces, had raced across the 25-mile no man's land between the American and Russian lines, crossed the Elbe river and at noon on April 25, 1945, linked up with advance elements of the 58th Division of the Soviet First Ukrainian Army.

Bitter years of war behind us, high hopes ahead of us in that spring of 1945 when the United Nations was born, we met and embraced as friends at the Elbe. We met with muddy boots and open hearts, with an unforgettable reminder of the frightful cost of war all about us.

Shortly before our meeting, and incident to a heavy battle raging in the vicinity, a civilian wagon train of 200 women and children had been blown to bits, and it was in the very midst



In his moment of triumph, Joe Polowsky before combined American and Russian audience in Moscow, delivers "The Oath of the Elbe," a speech he wrote eight years ago believing it contained the germ of world brotherhood.

On April 25, 1945, Private Polowsky, standing in jeep, was one of the men who met the first Russians at the Elbe river in Germany. The Russian leaning on jeep with elbow, face turned from the camera, is G. S. Goloborodko whom Joe remembered especially.





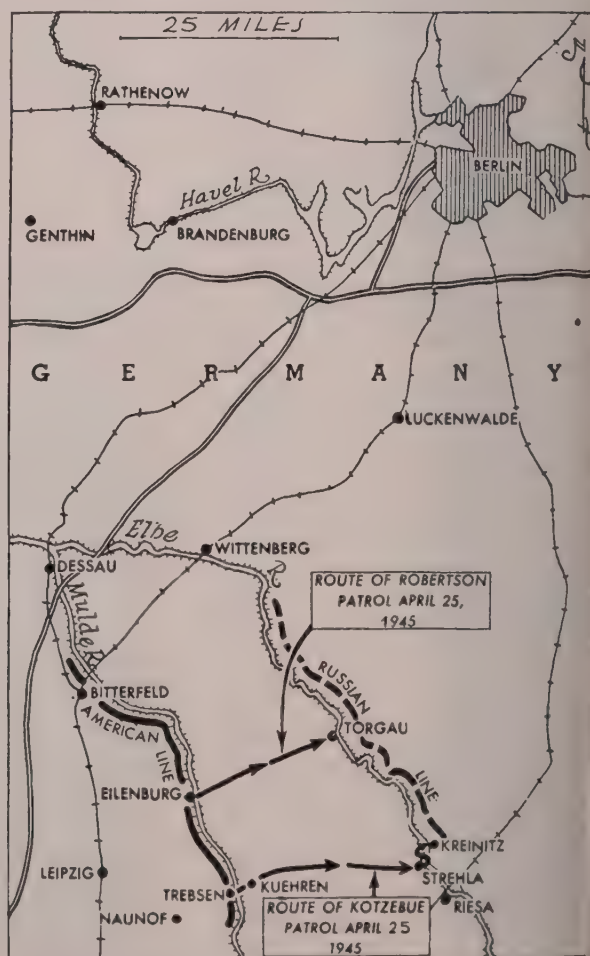
Elbe veterans, summoned to Moscow for the reunion from all over the U.S.S.R. by *Pravda* bulletins, sight-see in their capital alongside Americans

In editorial conference room of *Pravda*, Polowsky, third from right, answers questions of the board of editors on U. S. immigration restrictions.



Polowsky acknowledges crowd's greeting at banquet given by chief of the Soviet general staff, Marshal Vassily Sokolovsky.

Strehla was point where Polowsky and Goloborodko first shook hands. Americans also crossed at point near Torgau the same day.



of that awful scene of destruction that we met.

Something deeply stirring happened to all of us at the Elbe. We are, I am sure, better men for having been there. We all swore to remain friends, swore that the Elbe meeting would ever live on in our hearts, swore over the bodies of the dead women and children strewn all about us that we would do what we could to help create a better world, so that children could grow up fine and free with a better chance for life than the children at the Elbe river. Well, we have never forgotten the Elbe meeting — how could we forget? The children at the Elbe river had captured our hearts and we had tried to keep faith with their memory.

And now, after ten years, to our over-brimming joy and astonishment, with the approval and the cooperation of the United States government and the Soviet government, we American and Russian veterans of the Elbe meeting, after bitter years of separation, were going to meet once again as friends with renewed hope for the future. So perhaps, after all, the women and children who died at the Elbe river had not died for nothing. For it was primarily because of the children that we were meeting. Here we were — nine American war veterans, and there were among us 17 children at home with more on the way — why, if not to create a better, freer world for the children, were we going all the way to Moscow? And the Soviet veterans of the Elbe meeting, why were they gathering in Moscow from all over the Soviet Union — from the Urals, the Ukraine, White Russia and so on — if not for their children and with the profound hope that somehow our meeting would help create for them a world with a greater measure of freedom and peace than the veterans themselves had known?

THE SOVIET invitation, cabled April 22, 1955 — in reply to our earlier invitation to the Soviet veterans to visit Washington, D.C. — had read: "To the American veterans of the Elbe river link-up, Commodore hotel, Washington D.C. Dear Friends: The Soviet participants in the meeting on the Elbe have decided to celebrate in Moscow the 10th anniversary of the link-up of the American and Soviet troops and invite the American veterans of the Elbe river link-up to send

their representatives to take part in this meeting. We would like the American veterans of the Elbe river link-up to come to Moscow as soon as possible. It is desirable that they arrive in Moscow no later than May 9 — Victory Day over Hitlerite Germany. Awaiting your reply, with friendly greetings, Soviet veterans of the Elbe river link-up, Moscow, U.S.S.R." The names of 15 Soviet veterans were appended to the cablegram, those of G. S. Goloborodko and A. C. Selvashko heading the list. Two days later we dispatched the following reply: "To the Soviet veterans of the Elbe river link-up, Moscow, U.S.S.R.: We American veterans of the Elbe river link-up, meeting in our tenth anniversary reunion in Washington, D.C., thank you for your cordial invitation to attend the V-E Day ceremonies in Moscow on May 9, 1955, as your guests. We will leave for Moscow in a few days. We look forward to meeting you again and hope that our reunion will contribute to the establishment of the free and peaceful world we fought for ten years ago. With kindest regards, American veterans of the Elbe river link-up," with our names attached.

And so at 11:45 p.m. Sunday, May 8, we stepped out of the plane and down the catwalk onto the Moscow airport, which was flooded by klieg lights shining thru the light drizzle. Immediately there crowded around to greet us Soviet and American newsmen, photographers and radio men, representatives from the United States embassy, and the Soviet veterans' reception committee. And there to greet us was a group of some 15 Soviet Elbe veterans, some of whom, to our joy, we immediately recognized — notably the two top signers of the cabled invitation to us — G. S. Goloborodko and A. C. Selvashko.

Goloborodko had been a wartime first lieutenant in Lieutenant Colonel A. T. Gardiev's 175th Infantry Regiment and had been the first Soviet soldier to shake our hands as we crossed at noon April 25, 1945, at Strehla, south of Torgau. Selvashko had been a wartime lieutenant of Colonel Rogov's 173rd Infantry Regiment and had been the first Soviet soldier to meet Lieutenant Robertson's patrol when Robertson crossed the Elbe at Torgau. Selvashko had gained fame by having been one of the two lieutenants pictured in the most famous

photograph of the 1945 Elbe meeting — the one showing Robertson and Selvashko joyously embracing each other.

After the war, Goloborodko became a master mechanic in the Potokskaya machine and tractor station in the Poltava region of the Soviet Union — servicing tractors used on the communal farms. Goloborodko, now 42 and the father of three children, had often recalled the scene at the Elbe, where we embraced and swore to be friends. Selvashko, now 37 and the father of two children, had become a teacher and is now principal of Krasnovskaya high school, in the Lidovsky region of the Groznenskaya district, White Russia. And other Soviet Elbe veterans we almost immediately recognized and greeted were A. Rodionov, wartime sergeant, now instructor in a school in the village of Izambavo, Chuvashskaya S.S.R.; V. Korchagin, wartime private now a student in Leningrad university; and A. Baranov, wartime master sergeant now an engineer in the Krasnoproletary factory in the Moscow region.

WE COULDN'T speak Russian and they couldn't speak English, but the important thing was that after ten years we were meeting not as enemies but as friends — and it is surprising how boundless good will and warm gestures can overcome the barriers of language. Of course there were interpreters all about when we needed them.

Everybody at the airport seemed caught up in the excitement of the two-day V-E Day holiday ceremonies that had been in progress all that Sunday, day and night. All Moscow was decorated with red bunting and blazing "1945-1955" banners with pictures of the Soviet leaders, and the streets teemed with Soviet soldiers, sailors and airmen after the parades.

It was a fabulous week that followed. The world could not have picked a more dramatic week for the tension to be eased than the great week succeeding the tenth anniversary of V-E Day. As we learned when we arrived back in New York, that week had seen the signing of the Austrian peace treaty and the decision to hold a high-level big four meeting. Prime Minister Anthony Eden of Great Britain referred to the week of V-E Day anniversary as the time that may very well have broken the

log jam of the cold war, and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, returning from Austria, spoke of the week as a possible favorable turning of the tide of history.

We Elbe veterans are intensely proud of the fact that we were right there in Moscow serving the cause of a peaceful, honorable future, when those stirring events were taking place to the west of us. On both sides, we veterans were trying to do on the necessary people's level what the diplomats were trying to do on their necessary governmental level. And if we at our reunion helped to clear the atmosphere and made a contribution to a free and peaceful world, and perhaps left the door open to making each springtime for the two countries more livable and enjoyable in the future, we are indeed grateful.

During almost our entire visit to Moscow we had at our own request our Soviet Elbe friends about us, and we got to know and appreciate each other. It was most moving — every once in a while out of a clear blue sky something would flash thru the mind of one of the American or Soviet veterans and, with tears welling up, he would throw his arm about the shoulder of the veteran next to him. We visited the fabulous Moscow subway together, saw the incomparable three-hour production of *Swan Lake* at the Stanislavsky theater, the churches, the museums and the palace of the Supreme Soviet in the Kremlin, the *Pravda* printing plant and so on.

BUT WE NEVER lost sight of the main business at hand — our reunion. During the four full days we were in Moscow, we held three meetings, all at the Frunze Central building of the Soviet army. Our first meeting was held May 9 around a long oval table with about 50 seated: nine United States veterans, 20 Soviet veterans and about 20 civilian guests and newsmen, with retired Colonel Eugene Porfiriev of the reception committee presiding.

After Colonel Porfiriev's address of welcome, I read a short statement describing what happened at the Elbe river ten years ago. My statement, "The Oath of the Elbe," concluded: "As one of the American soldiers who crossed the Elbe river ten years ago, as one of the American and Russian soldiers who took the oath at the Elbe, I believe I voice something of the

thoughts and feelings of all of us. I therefore call upon the nations for a new birth of conciliation, a renewed sense of human responsibility, that the oath on that blood-soaked ground at the Elbe river shall not have been taken in vain."

When I finished, there were cheers and standing up and it seemed as if everybody rushed up to the speakers' table to shake my hand. I was grinning and I was never so happy in my life. We were all at ease, with a buzz of conversation, laughter and little jokes, and it was remarked frequently that there was as friendly and informal an air at our meetings as at a purely American or Russian meeting of friends. After general introductions and further speech-making, we all went to an adjoining banquet hall where we drank toasts to our reunion and to the future.

During the second day it was decided in informal discussion that something of a permanent character, something on paper, should come out of this first reunion of American and Soviet war veterans. It was, after all, primarily because of military considerations that the two countries had become allies during the second world war and had met as friends at the Elbe and in San Francisco; it was in part because of military considerations concerning the nature of modern warfare that the two nations had remained at peace during the difficult years after the war.

The friendliest ties between the two countries were those of their war veterans, and it would certainly help the two nations to live together in peace, and perhaps even eventually become real friends, if the veterans took a few baby steps, so to speak, in trying to reconcile the countries. So a joint statement was drafted, which read:

"We Soviet and American veterans of the Elbe river link-up of the allied armies in 1945, gathered together on the tenth anniversary of that historic event, affirm that we have not forgotten the friendly alliance formed during the war years. The link-up of our soldiers at the Elbe will live on in the history of mankind as an eternally renewed symbol of friendship and good will and mutual respect between our peoples. Today, as ten years ago, we declare our determination to work for friendship between the American and Soviet peoples and the establishment

of a peaceful world. We hope this first reunion will establish a tradition; we hope that on future anniversaries of the Elbe river link-up, American and Soviet war veterans will exchange friendly greetings and hold reunions as friends. Moscow, May 11, 1955."

After the meeting we all took seats in the auditorium and a magnificent two and one-half hours of entertainment on the stage followed — with a soldiers' chorus, folk singers and dancers, comedians, acrobats and opera stars who had performed before the leaders of the Soviet Union at the Bolshoi theater a few hours before our arrival in Moscow.

The third and largest of our meetings was the farewell banquet given for us by Marshal Vassily Sokolovsky, chief of the Soviet general staff. (Our hosts had wanted us to stay a week or ten days longer, but the whole reunion had come up in a hurry and most of us had made commitments to be back in the United States). I was seated for two hours at Marshal Sokolovsky's left during the dinner, with a Soviet one-star general between us interpreting. The marshal's remarks during the dinner were of a completely cordial and conciliatory character. The banquet, at which the American air, naval and military attaches were present, was a great success and its spirit most cordial and hopeful for the future.

After the banquet, in an adjoining hall, each of us was presented with an album containing pictures of the Elbe meeting in 1945 and our reunion in Moscow. The hall resounded with hurrahs and cheers and there were tears on all sides as we all shook hands and embraced. The reunion seemed a magnificent page in the history of the human spirit.

THE CHARACTERISTIC note, I think, of our entire reunion in Moscow was the bag of oranges and cigarets the Soviet Elbe veterans gave each of us before we said good-by and boarded the plane for home. Here we were, citizens of the two most powerful and wealthy nations of the world, with relations poor between the nations and here they were giving us orange to eat on the plane. And how in spirit like the meeting at the Elbe river ten years ago was the scene at the Moscow airport when we left! With bitter years of war — cold war this time — behind us we met again with



Three Americans, two Russians, in brothers-in-arms demonstration. Russians are in center and at extreme right. Veterans could not talk each other's language, seldom used interpreters.

With half a dozen points of greatest interest in Russia spread in the block-long panorama behind them, Elbe veterans meander down a street beside the Kremlin.



high hopes for the future. In 1945 we had said farewell almost as soon as we met. We were saying good-by again — when would we meet again?

Before we got on the plane, before they waved good-by, we all swore that something good and permanent must and would come out of this reunion, that American and Soviet veterans would meet in friendship and good will. The highest military echelons that met at the Elbe in April, 1945, were the American and Soviet army group commanders — General Omar N. Bradley and Marshal Ivan S. Koniev. Perhaps they would have the opportunity to meet again as friends if the major veterans' organizations, acting in cooperation with the state and defense departments, would invite a representative group of Soviet war veterans to visit Washington, D. C., in the spring of 1956. Certainly the reception of the American veterans in Moscow is a challenge to American hospitality.

There were nine of us who made the visit to the Soviet Union: Charles C. Forrester of Greer, S. C.; Robert Haag of Indianapolis, Ind.; Fred W. Johnston, Bradford, Pa.; Claude W. Moore, Newbern, Tenn.; Elijah R. Sams jr. of Pinnacle, N. C.; Murry Schulman of Queens Village, N. Y.; B. L. Shiver of Lakeland, Fla.; William Weisel of Norwood, Ohio; and I. We were nine men from nine different states, with nine occupations: textile mill worker, truck fleet operator, power lineman, farm implement dealer, tobacco farmer, meat shop owner, laboratory technician, mechanical engineer and trade newspaperman.

We were united in our love of the United States and its principles, in our comradeship and our good will and confidence in the future. We were the first group of American war veterans to visit the Soviet Union and we all felt a bit like pioneers going over there. But we knew that if we did our necessary little task in a big way we would make it a lot easier for all the groups and visitors who might follow us. We did our best for the Stars and Stripes and for the peace of the world.

THERE ARE SO MANY we have to thank, and the words of Lincoln come to mind: "Thanks to all. For the great Republic, for the principle it lives by and keeps alive, for man's vast future — thanks to all." Thanks to all!

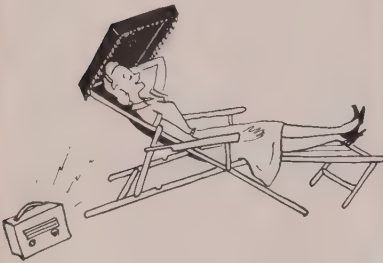
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As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. Census returns published in July, 1880, gave the city a population of 502,940, enabling Chicago officially to pass its **detested rival**, St. Louis, and creep up on Brooklyn, which ranked third behind New York and Philadelphia . . . A lot on Michigan near 23rd was sold for \$400 a front foot, highest price that had ever been paid for land on the avenue . . . William H. Vanderbilt's trotting mare, Maud S., broke the national record by going a mile in 2:13½ at the Chicago Jockey club . . . Police were looking for a **swindler** who posed as a city water bill collector and took money from delinquent consumers after threatening to shut off their supply.



50 YEARS AGO. In July, 1905, police used wiretapping to get evidence on an unusual gambling operation. Race results were being flashed by radio from the top of the new Railway Exchange building to a **floating handbook** in the lake. After the transmitter was raided, its owners got an injunction restraining the city from further interference with their "news" distribution . . . Samuel J. Scott, a La Salle street broker, brought a \$25,000 damage suit against the Cubs. He said he had been arrested for trying to keep as a souvenir a ball that was hit into the stands . . . "The High Mogul" was presented in **Sans Souci** park at 60th and Cottage Grove.

25 YEARS AGO. Mrs. Rita Schoemaker, an 18-year-old mother from Logan Square, broke the women's parachute jump record in July, 1930. She made a 15,000 foot leap in New York . . . **Admiral Richard E. Byrd** and seven of his fellow conquerors of the antarctic were given a ticker tape parade on La Salle street . . . An outbreak of tree-sitting by teenagers was quelled by the police after several of the contestants had been on their perches for more than 100 hours . . . **Paddy Harmon**, sports promoter and builder of the Chicago stadium, was killed in an auto accident on the Northwest Side. His body lay in state in the stadium before the funeral.



John Barrymore in Glencoe

by R. M. Cunningham jr.

When John Barrymore died the papers were full of reminiscences about his days as a great tragedian. His recent appearances in the movies, on the stage and over the radio presented a pitiful contrast, the critics all said, to his early triumphs. Unless you saw him in *Peter Ibbetson* or *Hamlet* or *Richard III*, you didn't know the real Barrymore.

I never saw him on the stage or in the movies and I never heard him on the radio, but I knew John Barrymore. He might have been better as Hamlet, but he was pretty good as a suburban householder, too. This was a couple of summers before he died, when he was playing downtown in *My Dear Children* and rented a house in Glencoe, across the street from our house.

The first I knew about it, I came home from work one afternoon and my wife told me John Barrymore was looking at the Comptons' house. It was all over the neighborhood in a day or two that he was going to live there. Everybody was talking about it. We were considered especially lucky to be right across the street. I enjoyed the excitement, but I didn't think it would make much difference to us. We'd never see him or talk to him, I thought. I was wrong, tho.

He moved in a few days later, with a couple who served him as chauffeur and housekeeper and a young, red-headed girl who was his nurse. There was a lot of gossip about that, but I never had any reason to think she wasn't his nurse; certainly his health wasn't very good that summer. The day after they moved there were pictures in the newspapers and interviews with Barrymore quoting him on how much he'd always wanted a little house in a quiet community, with a garden. I hoped for a day or two that the reporters might come over and ask us how we liked having such a

distinguished neighbor, so we'd have our pictures in the paper, but they didn't.

Barrymore used to leave for the theater at seven o'clock in the evening — just when we were having our supper on the front porch. The cars would start to come about a quarter to seven. Some of them kept going past the house, then around the block and past the house again, slowly, hoping to be in a good spot when Barrymore came out. A good many of them drove up in front of the house and parked, and a few of the nervier drivers and their passengers got out and stood on the sidewalk. Usually they had cameras, and they'd keep aiming at the front door, or the steps, or at Barrymore's car — to make sure the focus would be right when the time came.

Kurt, the chauffeur, always came first and started the car. Then Barrymore appeared, and usually his nurse. He'd stand at the door or on the top step, waving at the crowd and waiting while they took their pictures. A lot of them had autograph books for him to sign. From across the street, it looked as tho he handled these requests graciously. I never saw him re-

fuse one, and sometimes he didn't leave himself much time to get in town to the theater.

We had an opportunity to find out for ourselves how nice he was about signing things when an uncle of mine sent out his autograph book and asked us to get Barrymore's signature. Maurice Barrymore's signature was already in the book, and Lionel's, and Ethel's. If there are any more Barrymores, they were in there, too. John's is there now, altho I didn't have much to do with it; my wife went over. He was sweet about it, she said. Recognized her as a neighbor and asked us to come over for a visit some time. We never went, because it never seemed to be the right time.

There were a lot of anecdotes about Barrymore, especially one about a brief, moonlit incident on the lawn. There also were stories about a wild party he was supposed to have been on with some people from Glencoe. This just goes to show what a reputation will do; it wasn't a wild party at all. I know, because I was there. Six or eight of us decided late one night to go to a roadhouse outside town and get something to eat. The



Fanny's Column

written by Fanny Lazzar

SHALL I TELL YOU ABOUT glorious Italy in May? When all the fruit trees are in bloom . . . and all the grassy fields sown with fragrant violets and little yellow flowers . . . like stars? Shall I tell you . . . how as a small child of eight years . . . I would lie in the fields amongst my beloved violets and with my half-closed eyes in reverent look at the sunlight playing amongst the branches of the trees . . . looking like the rippling waves at Viareggio. And the snow-white sheep nibbling of the soft green grass . . . with a calmness . . . peacefulness that had an indescribable delicacy akin to grace. Two fields beyond . . . my uncle, the doctor's . . . prize bull . . . feasted and roared with a harsh bizarre sound . . . which though it had a certain ring of triumph in it . . . had something expressive of utmost arrogance too. My uncle . . . sitting under the huge walnut tree with dozens of books piled around him . . . calling to me from time to time . . . to read a certain passage to me.

SHALL I TELL YOU HOW once my uncle remarked . . . apropos of something he was reading, "A man or woman cannot live without love . . . and as a vessel needs the ocean . . . humans need love. And if it is only the memory of a great love he once knew . . . that will sustain him . . . but . . . those who have never loved . . . have never lived." Once he remarked that some people loved with as much enjoyment as drinking a glass of water . . . with no fear of intoxication to themselves . . . I believe that a great love sustained him to the end of his days.

SHALL I TELL YOU THAT AS there is a loving understanding between the winds, the tides and the tempests, there is a loving understanding, a mysterious force, between two who love . . . have loved . . . or desire to love . . . which can never be shaken, thrust, cast aside, or be forgotten. Shall I tell you that the aggravation of spring . . . Maytime . . . the lovely mood of nature . . . brought on this reverent?

Fanny's

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first people we saw there were Barrymore and the nurse and Kurt, the chauffeur, sitting with some people from Glencoe. I didn't know the people, but someone did, so we declared ourselves in on the party. We sat there having a sandwich and a glass of beer, then we all left together and went back to Glencoe — to the house of the people Barrymore was with. They were probably annoyed to have us tag along, but they were nice about it and urged us to come in.

I VISITED with the nurse at first. We talked about our gardens and about dogs, then about the theater and books and so on. She was well informed and pleasant. She even seemed interested in our youngsters, who were all over the neighborhood and must have been a trial to daytime sleepers.

Later, we just sat and listened to Barrymore. It was pretty interesting, at that. Each anecdote he told reminded him of another, and he went on and on — mostly about the theater, and about his family, or families, I guess you'd say, and, of course, about the movies. I noticed that he said something nice about everyone he mentioned. All the women were charming; all the men were princes. This girl was a dear; that boy had talent. Even the drama critics, who were panning *My Dear Children*, were good fellows. It could have been mellowness artificially induced, I suppose. Whatever it was, I liked it.

He was especially entertaining talking about his wives, which he did freely — professing elaborately to forget which was which and contriving to make himself the goat of every story with a domestic involvement. We laughed hilariously when he repeated a line about Elaine which he attributed to Bugs Baer, the newspaperman: "She's the sort of girl who never goes anywhere without her mother, but her mother will go anywhere." He grimaced extravagantly all the time, roared and whispered alternately as tho he were playing a heavy part in a melodrama and gesticulated like mad. He was having a wonderful time, of course.

Another thing I liked was the way he talked to the son of the people who were giving the party — a nice looking blond boy about 20 years old. It developed that the boy was at Princeton and was in dramatics there. He was genuinely embarrassed when his father mentioned it, but Barrymore was marvelous. He was interested right away — asked what plays they'd done and quoted lines from some of them, drawing the boy out so that the two of them seemed to be talking on a level, over everyone else's head.

It was a genuine kindness, adroitly and unobtrusively performed.

I got sleepy and went home about five o'clock, just as it was getting light. It might have become a wild party after I left, but it couldn't have lasted much longer, and up to that time it was just like any other party. The chances are that the stories got started because it lasted all night, and because it was probably noisy. It was a hot night and the windows were all open, and of course Barrymore's voice had a terrific carry.

We knew all about this, because the Barrymore household used to eat supper on the side porch at the Comptons', and that voice would reverberate up and down the block like thunder. It was odd, too, that the only words we ever noticed particularly were the swear words. I don't think Barrymore was any more profane than most men are, but he seemed to use his swear words for punctuation. A sonorous roll of indistinguishable syllables would rise occasionally to a resonant "son of a bitch," for example, with the result that profanity seemed to us to be more characteristic of the man than it probably was. This was all right with me; I forget myself once in a while, and for months afterwards I had an easy explanation whenever one of the children would startle us.

Most of the time Barrymore wore a polo shirt and a powder blue sport jacket. As a matter of fact, I don't recall now that I ever saw him in anything else. He had a gray Homburg which he usually carried in his hand; when he did wear it, he shoved it down so it touched his ears. Even at that time his feet and ankles were so badly swollen that he couldn't wear ordinary shoes; at least, they *were* swollen, and he *didn't* wear shoes. He wore bedroom slippers that turned up at the toes.

FROM ACROSS the street, you could tell what it was about Barrymore. Even when he was tired, his shoulders sagged with an air that made him seem graceful and appealing. Close up, he was less attractive. His hair was streaked, obviously from abandoned attempts to forestall the inevitable

His eyes had a peculiar quality of seeming never to come quite to focus even when he was looking right at you. I heard people say this was because he drank a lot. All drinkers have eyes like that, they said, but I've read any number of books on alcoholism and never saw a word about this. I think it was probably because he was a little distracted whenever he talked to any of us in the neighborhood; his eyes betrayed his preoccupation, although he tried to appear interested and

engaged. Besides, it's only hearsay that he was a heavy drinker, as far as I'm concerned. He'd almost always had a few, but that wouldn't make him a heavy drinker. Not in Glencoe.

Barrymore had a strange fascination for the children in the neighborhood. They'd listened to so many conversations about him that I suppose they expected him to be different from other people in some obvious way. They sat for hours on the curbstone watching his house and waiting for him to appear. They bragged to one another about how many times they'd seen him or talked to him, yet it was easy to tell they were never quite sure why it was worth bragging about.

I remember one afternoon when I was pulling our youngsters up and down the block in their wagon, and he came across the street to visit. We stood in front of our house and talked vaguely about the weather, and the news, and how nice it was in the country. The boys just sat in the wagon, bugging at him. When he spoke to them, they looked at their feet and mumbled. I never tried to make them talk up, because somehow I felt just as self-conscious with him as they did. At that, their conversations with Barrymore made just as good sense as mine did—we'd get trapped into visiting, without much of anything to say to each other, and aimless observations would follow one another in an idiotic, unending pattern.

The only thing specific I recall of any of these talks is the time he told me about his daughter Diana. In the usual way, he'd been saying how much he enjoyed Glencoe and I'd said yes, it was nice, and he'd said children certainly keep you busy when they're that age and I'd said yes, they certainly did. Then he made the conventional remark about how they grow up before you know it, and that reminded him of Diana.

Apparently he hadn't seen her once for a long time—several years, it must have been, from the way he told it. Then when he did see her, she was a lovely woman instead of the girl he expected her to be. He roared when he remembered how old this made him feel, erupting a torrent of adjectives like doddering, decrepit, ancient, hoary and senile. Not that this is much of an example, but I noticed in all our conversations that he had a liberal supply of expressive language.

Toward the end of the summer, just before the play moved to New York, the chauffeur and his wife, the housekeeper, walked out. They didn't give any notice, either, Barrymore said—just walked out. We used to wonder why they played such a trick on a very nice fellow like John Barrymore.

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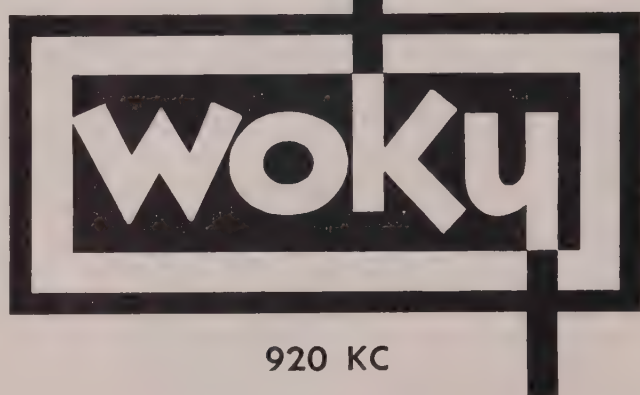
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Nonna's Pet

a story by Rocco Fumento

Nonna was my maternal grandmother. She lived alone on the other side of town, near the woolen mill where *nonno* had worked for 20 years before he died. After his death my mother wanted nonna to come and live with us, but she refused. "I no live with nobody. That way I no stick my nose in nobody's business and everybody is happy." She made it perfectly clear to my mother that she was free, white and over 65 and as such entitled to her eighty-dollar-a-month pension. No one need make sacrifices for her and she, in turn, was indebted to no one.

Well, maybe nonna had the right idea, tho my mother couldn't see it her way at all. No woman over 65 should live alone, she argued. Especially if she had five rooms to take care of. But nonna met this objection with "I still can do twice so much work as you in half so much time." And she continued to live alone and my mother continued to worry about her.

In spite of my mother's worries, to us kids nonna was indestructible. We had our measles, our whooping cough, our mumps, but nonna, as far as we knew, never even had a cold or a toothache, which made us wonder because nonna still had her own teeth, and opened her mouth to all non-believers, and who ever heard of anyone having his own teeth and never getting a toothache? Especially anyone as old as nonna.

What added to our notions concerning nonna's indestructibility was her appearance. As far back as we could remember she had always looked the same — the black hair, only slightly grayed, parted in the middle and caught in a tight knot at the nape of her neck; the thin, olive face with

deep smile lines around the eyes and mouth; the tall, straight body draped in eternal mourning for the husband who had been dead for more than 15 years — these, in nonna, did not change.

Everyone said nonna was a saint because she was always in church and we believed it, but not because she was always in church. To us children she was a refuge from mama's wrath, which often made us wonder if mama really was the daughter of gentle, soft-spoken nonna. Nonna never moralized, never scolded. She never said "No, you can't go," or "I'm telling you to do it right away and by right away I mean now!" With mama it was "now" or the strap.

Nonna always made us feel as if we were extra special, like Saint Anthony or something, the way her eyes would smile and light up when she saw us and the way she squeezed us in her muscular arms and kissed us hard like a kiss meant something. And that's one thing — we never shied away from her kisses. They were never moist and mushy. And tho other people might have bad breath and other people might smell like old clothes, there always clung to nonna a clean, mysterious and delicately musty odor which, as we grew older, we were able to identify as wine.

Of course I'd be lying if I said the only reason we went to see nonna was to see her. If you ever smelled her kitchen you'd know what I mean. But what's a grandmother for if not to get a handout from once in a while? And nonna's handouts were something! Her pizzas, often smeared with anchovies, which she knew I liked, were thin and crunchy, not thick and doughy like other people's. Her choco-

late cake was richer, darker, more chocolatey than any you could buy in a bakery shop — and that includes Jayson's on Stewart street where everything costs so much — and her crisp-crusted bread tasted as good as it smelled, not floury and mushy like store-bought bread, and it was no wonder mama got mad sometimes when, after a visit with nonna, we couldn't eat our supper.

Our relationship with nonna might have continued in this happily normal way and we might have retained our illusions concerning her indestructibility had it not been for her dog. At first we didn't notice any great change in her as long as we got our hunks of pizza and cake. But no matter how insensitive we were, except as concerned matters of the stomach, we wouldn't have been human if sooner or later we hadn't noticed that nonna no longer laughed as much as she used to and that often she acted as tho she were all alone when we were there all the time and seemed to listen to something we couldn't hear. Worst of all her bread fell one day, coming out of the oven almost as flat as one of her pizzas, and yet we thought these were all relatively minor things, especially since nonna explained that the bread probably fell because she'd forgotten to make the sign of the cross over the dough before placing it into the oven.

When this sort of thing happened again and again and when, at last, mama forbade us to visit her, we knew something must be really wrong with nonna and our faith in her indestructibility began to waver. "Nonna needs rest," mama said. "You kids make her nervous." Later, of course, I found out it wasn't us kids that made her



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nervous. It was the dog — an enormous great Dane. At least that's the impression I got from what mama and papa said after they thought we were asleep.

MAMA HAD TAKEN nonna to see Father Bontempo at St. Andrew's about some dog that kept following her around, and I got excited to think that nonna owned a dog and wondered why she kept it a secret and nearly woke up my kid brother who sleeps with me and that would have been awful because if he ever wakes up in the middle of the night he starts bawling and never stops. When I heard that no one sees this dog but nonna I got even more excited and forgot all about my brother and jumped out of bed and pressed my ear to the door because it sounded kind of spooky, like a ghost story, and it was happening to my own grandmother.

Mama sounded nervous as she told papa that Father Bontempo told nonna she should feel proud because she was bearing the same sort of cross one of the saints, Saint Francis I think she said, had borne. But mama said nonna was in no mood to feel proud, as she was plenty worried because this dog was so terrible, and with a kind of sneering expression on its face kept telling her her soul was lost — doomed to hell. But Father Bontempo said she mustn't believe this because it was really only the devil trying to tempt her into sin because it would be a fine feather in his cap if he could win nonna's soul since she was such a saintly woman.

"It just goes to prove what I've always said about mama being too good. You'd never catch the devil trying to tempt me that way," mama said, sounding rather smug about it.

Papa quickly agreed with her and mama didn't like his agreeing so readily. "If you don't want to listen to the rest, say so."

Papa said he wanted to listen, all right, and mama warmed up again. Father Bontempo, she said, explained that the devil appeared to Saint Francis in the same way — in the shape of a great Dane. Everywhere Saint Francis went the dog went, and of course nobody saw him but Saint Francis, and no matter how much he prayed the dog still followed him and told him there was no sense in praying because his soul was lost and you can imagine how this made Saint Francis feel, mama said. But Saint Francis wasn't going to let the devil get the best of him and he prayed so hard and so long that finally the devil just had to give up, and one day the dog disappeared and never bothered him again. Father Bontempo said nonna

would get rid of her dog the same way. He said she should make the novena every Monday night, but she'd been making it anyway, so he told her to keep it up and that she was doing the right thing and then he threw holy water on her and said some prayers and told her to report back next week.

My heart was beating like I'd just finished basketball practice and I thought sure mama and papa would hear it in the kitchen, but mama's story didn't seem to affect papa in the same way for he sounded as tho he wanted to laugh in mama's face, tho he hardly ever dared to do that. "Sounds silly as hell to me. There's nothing wrong with her that a good psychiatrist can't cure."

At this mama's voice rose like she'd sat on a pin, as it always did when papa said the wrong thing. "Are you insinuating that my mother is insane?"

I could just see papa wince. "Of course not, honey. You don't have to be crazy to see a psychiatrist. Lots of people do it."

"Well, my mother wouldn't," mama said emphatically. "You know how she feels about doctors. Especially since papa died."

"Then maybe if she'd go a little easy on the bottle she wouldn't have to see a psychiatrist and her dogs would disappear all by themselves."

Poor papa had said the wrong thing again. "How dare you call my mother a drunkard! And it's dog, not dogs! Oh, that my own husband should say such things about my mother. What has she ever done to you? You know how good she is — always in church, always making novenas, always . . ."

"Now wait a minute," papa protested. "I didn't call her a drunkard. I just . . . well, you remember the gallon of wine I got a couple of Sundays ago when she came for dinner? Knocked it off in one sitting, she did," he said in a tone in which chagrin was mixed with awe and admiration. "Pretty damned potent stuff, too."

"And is that any reason for saying she drinks?" mama wanted to know. "You know how it is in the old country. They're weaned on wine and she can drink you under the table anytime and it wouldn't even affect her!"

"Will you let me finish?" papa asked patiently. "Of course she's used to it and it doesn't affect her body. But what about her mind? All that wine's sure going to affect something, some time. And remember, she's not so young anymore."

It was then mama began to cry. "Oh, poor mama, poor mama. Her — some horrible monster keeps telling her she's going to hell and you say she's out of her head. Oh, poor mama."

Papa's voice softened, the way it always did when mama cried, kind of shaky and soft. "Honest, honey, I'm only trying to help. You want your mother to get well, don't you?"

"DON'T TALK about her getting well!" mama practically screamed. "There's nothing wrong with her!" Then tears came into her voice again. "If only that dog would let her alone."

But the dog didn't leave nonna alone. Even in spite of the fact that after many arguments mama finally gave in to papa and took nonna to see Dr. Dewey, who everyone said was a wonderful psychiatrist. How mama managed it, with nonna so skeptical of doctors, I'll never know. But mama can be mighty persuasive



drawings by Carl Schranz

at times, as we kids can painfully testify. Anyway, I was all ears that night as mama told all about the visit to the psychiatrist to papa and Uncle Tony, her older brother, who every once in a while got sick (mama said sick but papa said drunk) and spent the night at our house. We often wondered why because he had a home of his own, but I guess it was because Aunt Clara didn't like to see him when he was sick.

It seemed that nonna gave Dr. Dewey a bad time, what with wanting to hit him over the head with her umbrella when he said he wanted to probe into her mind, which didn't sound at all like nonna, and was smoothed only when mama explained that he meant only with words and not with a scalpel. But even then she wouldn't cooperate at all and called him "nosey" and gave replies like "What for I should tell you all my

business?" and "But sure I always like my mother. And my father, too!" But mama smoothed it over and told Dr. Dewey they'd return in a week.

Uncle Tony thought it was foolish to spend so much money on a psychiatrist. "Ten bucks a visit and for what? So's some sweet-smelling fathead with a college degree can say in big words what you already know in small words? We ought to take her to Cristina and it wouldn't cost a cent."

Fat Cristina, with her tribe of kids and no husband, lives on Water street and tells everybody's fortune by reading their palms. As far as I can see it's a lot of bull because she told me I was going to get a lot of money and so far I haven't seen a penny, unless you count the money I make selling papers and that's not a lot. I silently wondered what Cristina could do for nonna. Mama and papa wondered out loud.

Uncle Tony was convinced that someone had given nonna the evil eye. Probably, he said, old Paulina di Russo, who lives way up on Chestnut street hill and who was so jealous because nonna was so saintly. Cristina could cure nonna with her water, olive oil and mumbling of strange words, he said, and nonna's dog would disappear sure enough. It's funny, but I never thought Uncle Tony was superstitious. He was always laughing at other people's cautions and would purposely light three on a match and even walk under ladders to show how "stupid it is to believe in such nonsense." Which, maybe, is why mama and papa didn't actually believe he was serious at first. But Uncle Tony soon assured them that he was in dead earnest. Didn't Cristina cure him of seeing the bat that followed him around for one whole day a couple of months back? But papa said the bat only came out of Uncle Tony's whisky bottle and would have disappeared anyway, even without Cristina's help. And he laughed, tho mama didn't think it was so funny.

Uncle Tony didn't think it was funny, either. "Sure, laugh if you like," he said in a rather hurt tone. "But I've seen Cristina cure lots of people and I know what I'm talking about."

UNCLE TONY and mama have one thing in common. They don't often lose arguments. So it wasn't long before he convinced both mama and papa that they should take nonna to see Cristina. After all, they might as well try everything that might help her get rid of her dog.

So now nonna was being treated by Father Bontempo, by Dr. Dewey and by Cristina and I guess none of the treatments was doing her any good

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because mama still walked around the house with a long face and went every day to see nonna and pleaded with her to come and live with us. But as I said, nonna likes to be independent, and so none of us really believed she would come, no matter if she were sick or dying, and we were right because no matter how much mama pleaded she still didn't come.

Of course no one mentioned nonna's dog in front of us. They always referred to nonna as being sick and knowing mama's temper we never asked questions and they never talked about the dog until late at night when they thought we were asleep. But we couldn't sleep if we tried while mama, papa and Uncle Tony were arguing in the kitchen. Mama thought that papa and Uncle Tony should make the novena with her and nonna, papa felt that nonna should be more cooperative with the psychiatrist, and both mama and papa had absolutely no faith in Cristina's cures, and neither did nonna for that matter and it took all her will power not to laugh in Cristina's face, as she didn't want to hurt her feelings, mama said. This, of course, made Uncle Tony very angry, because he said that Cristina had performed more cures than any novenas or any psychiatrist had done. But mama and papa said he was all wet and mama got out her novena record book and papa got out my encyclopaedia set, which had been given to me as a Christmas present by my godfather but which I never opened, and proved it to him. Uncle Tony had no written proof about Cristina's cures so he had to shut up and mama and papa argued alone.

If things had kept on much longer we all would have been sick. We kids couldn't sleep because mama, papa and Uncle Tony were always arguing; mama, papa and Uncle Tony didn't sleep for the same reason. Who knows how far things would have gone if nonna hadn't dropped in on us one day, all smiles, and given all us kids her nice, hard kiss with that same clinging mysterious, musty odor and unwrapped a still-steaming pizza.

She was the nonna of old, and if we kids were astounded that's not saying what mama, papa and Uncle Tony were. But we kids were soon used to seeing the old nonna back again the mama, papa and Uncle Tony couldn't get over her quick recovery. When they thought we were all out playing after we'd stuffed ourselves with pizza (everybody was out but me, who was determined to get to the bottom of this because I was curious as to what happened to nonna's dog), they pounced on her with all sorts of questions and each tried to take

credit for her cure. But nonna just laughed in a mysterious sort of way and didn't satisfy anybody, because she said nothing.

It wasn't until a week later when I went to nonna's house alone that I was able to question her. I knew I wasn't supposed to know about the dog, but I was sure nonna wouldn't tell papa and mama I knew and so I asked her right out, while I was stuffing chocolate cake into my mouth, what happened to her dog. I was thinking maybe she took it out into the woods and shot it, tho I really couldn't picture nonna shooting anything, but I was prepared for a good story with lots of blood.

Nonna smiled a sort of secret smile at me as she poured milk into a large bowl which I thought was for me but I wondered why she should get me such a large bowl, especially as she knows I don't care much for milk, except when she flavors it with a little bit of cognac.

"I tell you what happen," she said, "if you no tell your mama or papa

or your Uncle Tony. You know how they worry too much."

I was willing to agree to anything by now, and anyway I felt proud that I should know something mama, papa and Uncle Tony wouldn't know. So I nodded eagerly and even stopped chewing my chocolate cake. "I won't tell," I promised. "Cross my heart and hope to die."

"No need to cross your heart and hope you die," nonna laughed. "I just find out he's not so bad and we make friends," she explained as she placed the large bowl of milk on the floor and opened the cellar door, which was right next to where I was sitting. "Here, Nero," she called. "Come and get your milk."

My eyes widened as they fastened themselves on the doorway, expecting at any moment to see the fiercest dog I ever saw in my life. I saw nothing. I looked up at nonna in astonishment, but she was nodding affectionately at the bowl.

"He's such good company for an old lady," she said.

Maxwell Street

In the gutters of the littered street
The stalls peddle the uses of our days —
Old coats, hot dogs, toilet seats, jewelry —
At back-street prices. On either side
The regal fretwork of other times
Lends a quaintness to the tenements.
Casey Loves Rose is chalked on a wall.

I discover her eyes. They assert
A simple request one cannot mistake.
Through the open door her stairs
Climb steeply, twist out of sight.
I answer as simply and turn away,
But under a puzzled breath wonder, *Rose?* *Rose?*
A voice answers, *Buddy want a watch?*

I am grabbed by the arm. *Buddy*
Want a watch? His sleeve slides from a
Glittering wrist. *One hundred jewels, thirty bucks!*
I shake myself away but pulling the sleeve higher
He clings and cries, *Look,*
Two hundred jewels, fifteen bucks.
I curse and break away, but there is no way out.

This is the Chicago I disown but am.
I walk through the night where traffic signals
Turn red and green over the deserted streets.
From a gramophone somewhere an old-fashioned
Band plays *The Night Is a Million Jewels*.
As the lights of the tenements one by one go out,
I look skyward, but there also all is dark.

Galway Kinnell

A ROBBER'S COMPLAINT

CRIME PAYS

THE COPS

by James Darwell

My friend Tommy has been playing cops and robbers for about three years. He happens to be one of the robbers, but he doesn't consider that very important. He thinks that cops and robbers are pretty much the same, and lawyers aren't very much different. In fact, Tommy would become a cop if he could. He feels a real kinship with the police. His attitude toward those members of the bar he has consulted is more in the nature of awe. In the world of rackets, which is the only one he pays any attention to, lawyers occupy a lofty position, one which a common crook can envy but not aspire to.

In the technical sense, Tommy is not primarily a robber; he is a burglar. Under the law, a robber is one who takes something from his victim personally by the use or threat of force. A burglar illegally enters a home or other property in order to steal some of its contents.

In an even more technical sense, Tommy is neither a robber nor a burg-

lar right now. He is a convict. But he was a criminal before he went to prison and he will be one when he gets out.

Tommy belongs to a mob of three men. The word "mob" is used variously by the newspapers to describe the Syndicate or part of it or a gang of teen-age vandals. In Tommy's world it has a very specific meaning. The mob is the unit which works together in committing crimes. It is not a part of any larger organization, nor do its members ever operate by themselves.

Tommy's mob would be hard for a sociologist to analyze. Tommy and the other two members, Mike and Sid, all have different social and economic backgrounds.

Tommy is about 30 years old. He comes from an ordinary middle class North Side family of Greek descent. He graduated from a public high school. He was no angel while he was in school, but he never got in any very serious trouble either. A couple of times he was accused of petty thievery, but these cases were settled with-

Like other complaint departments, this one promises no redress for grievances. It does provide for, even invite, the airing of any significant protest against inequity, malfunction, folly or fraud in the life of the metropolis. And it may, as did its namesake, actually bring about some readjustment.

out the police being called in.

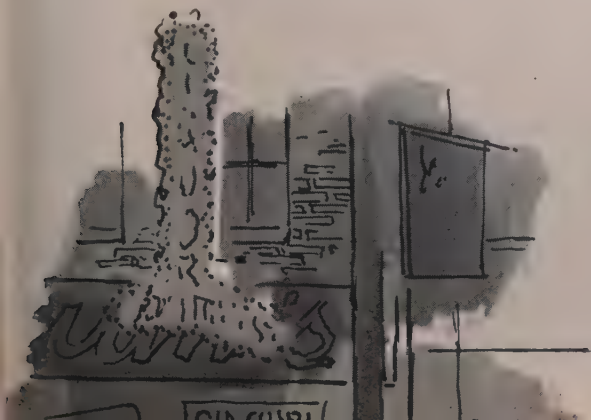
After Tommy got out of school he held several routine jobs. When I first met him, about four years ago, he was driving a truck, making about \$150 a week. I told him I thought that was a pretty good job and he said, "Yeah, it's okay for a guy who wants to be a square and have a wife and family and a home and all that stuff." But he didn't want that. He had already met Mike and Sid and decided that he would be a burglar.

Mike is the ringleader of the gang, mainly because he has taught Tommy and Sid practically all they know about their trade—how to get into a building, how to keep from tripping burglar alarms and so on. Mike is the youngest member of the gang. He's about 25 and he's been a criminal since he was 16. He comes from a depressed West Side Irish family with seven children. His father was an alcoholic.

Sid is older than Mike but younger than Tommy. He is from a Northwest Side Jewish family on the verge of being well to do. His father runs a small luggage store.

The mob hangs around the Regency lounge, a little bar near Wrigley field that's open until four o'clock when the heat's on and until about seven when it's off. One time, when the place was running all night, a woman drunk came pounding on the door about five o'clock, wanting to get in. Bill, the owner, called the police and they took her away, without even looking inside.

If you saw the mob in the Regency, this is how they would look: Tommy



is a short, dark, stocky, muscular Mediterranean type. He dresses neatly and conservatively, always wearing a business suit. Sid is tall and good looking. He likes to be conspicuous, and he nearly always wears a big pair of dark glasses. His clothes are expensive, with a lot of hand stitching, but he doesn't pick them with good taste and he looks like a guy who's trying hard to be well dressed but will never make it. Mike always looks like a bum, even when he's all dressed up. He has a glass eye, and that helps make him look very tough, which he is.

Mike is considered deadly in the circle that he travels in. He's insanely sensitive about his mother. Once he almost beat a man to death in the Regency over the use of the phrase "son of a bitch." The other people around the place admire him for this. They say things like, "You can say what you want about Mike, but there's a guy that treats his mother right."

All three members of the mob are very athletic. The success that they've had in crime has been due partly to that and partly to the fact that they know the techniques and the necessary precautions of their work pretty well. Otherwise, they're all pretty stupid.

All of them have the lowest tastes and prejudices. Tommy and Mike don't like Jews very well, and all three of them despise Negroes. Mike reads Mickey Spillane and the other two don't read. All of them can be depended on to play something like *Let Me Go, Lover* on the juke box instead of some good jazz.

They all have a deep, bitter hatred of women. They go around with girls a lot, but you never see any of them with the same one twice. They also go to prostitutes very often.

One class of criminals they all look up to and envy is pimps. But none of them will ever be a pimp. That kind of crime requires cooperation, and they just can't come on right with the girls.

Tommy, Mike and Sid will do anything in the world except work for a living. Several times since he became a burglar Tommy has worked as a bartender. But he will only do it after hours in a place that stays open all night. He won't do anything unless it can reasonably be considered illegal.

THE MOB doesn't even work at crime. They go out on a deal only when they need the money. After a score, they live off what they got until it runs out. This usually isn't very long, because they all throw money away fast, especially on gambling.

They used to play shuffleboard in

the Regency for fantastic stakes like ten or 20 dollars a game. Tommy was known as the man with the iron nerves, and it was kind of ironic that he was the one who finally got caught and went to prison, even tho he really couldn't help it.

One night they came into the bar after making a small score of seven or eight hundred dollars. They started to play shuffleboard and before the night was over Tommy had all the money.

Another time Sid had made \$7,600 on the horses and the mob had picked up \$4,000 on a score. They went to New York and lost all the money gambling in a few days.

Sid is the only member of the mob who has any talent for anything but straight crime. He has the qualifications of a good hustler. About five or six o'clock in the morning he usually goes to a bowling alley on Clark street and makes bets on how many strikes a guy will get, whether he'll pick up a hard spare, and things like that. He usually makes money when he does this, and he often wins at poker.

The trouble is, he's too much of a gambler himself to be a good hustler. He's never satisfied. If he builds up a good wad he'll start playing the horses fanatically. Pretty soon he's on the cuff for about three grand to some bookie. Then he's got to go, and the mob has to visit some grocery store or cleaners or restaurant.

The one thing the mob is smart about is its actual work. They plan everything carefully, and they don't often take unnecessary risks. But they're just the opposite when they're around the Regency. It's probably psychology, rather than outright stupidity, but they have to let everybody know who they are. They're always holding huddled conferences and exchanging knowing glances. Ninety per cent of the people in the place are sympathetic toward them, but the other ten per cent includes several police informers who hang around the bar, and sometimes a plainclothes cop or two. I've seen them being openly secretive the way they do when there was "fuzz," as they call police, in the place.

All of the squares in the Regency know who Tommy and Mike and Sid are, and they're proud to be close-mouthed about it. They seem to get some of the thrill of crime this way, without taking any of the risks. Once in a while one of them will slip, tho. One night, during a period when the mob was especially active, Speed, one of the bartenders, got very drunk. He leaned over the bar and told a couple of customers in a stage whisper, "I really like those guys, and when they

go out on one of these deals, I pray for them." There was a cop in the place at that time.

As the ringleader of the mob, Mike always gives the final okay on any job. Any one of the three might spot a likely place and case it, finding out things like how much money is taken in during a day, what is done with it, how to get in and that kind of information. All the data goes to Mike and he lays out the job, sometime taking advantage of his experience to give some special order or warn against some possible hitch that the others wouldn't think of.

Some jobs aren't cased by the mob at all; they get the information on these from professional casers. These people hang out around Madison and Paulina. When a burglar comes by they offer him a job. They give a complete description of the place to be taken. Usually they get ten per cent of the score for this service. Like the squares at the Regency, they also live on the fringes of crime. Of course they have it better. They make some money out of it, and still without taking any real risks.

The mob likes burglary better than armed robbery because it's less risky. And then, too, they don't like to get too hot. A wave of robberies is more likely to get the public and the police excited than a series of break-ins.

On a burglary they never carry any kind of weapon. If something goes wrong, they just run for it. They make an occasional heist if it looks like a real good thing. When they do this, they take guns, of course. They've also pulled three special jobs where they got into apartment buildings on Lake Shore drive and robbed people of money, furs and jewels in the halls. On these deals they carried switchblade knives to terrorize the victims but no guns.

THE FIRST TIME the mob slipped up was about two years ago. Mike and Tommy broke into a laundry on the South Side. Sid stayed out on the sidewalk as a lookout. One of the neighbors saw that something was going on and called the police. Sid saw the squad coming and rapped off the window. Then he walked away casually. His partners ran out thru the back of the place, and all three of them escaped. They were picked up for questioning, tho, possibly because of tales carried out of the Regency. Somebody in the neighborhood gave a kind of tentative identification to them and they were indicted and tried. But there wasn't any real evidence against them and they beat the rap.

As it turned out, tho, this was on



illustrated by Seymour Fleishman

the start of their troubles. They now have a record, what the police call a sheet."

When the police call someone a citizen, they mean he is a law-abiding man. A man with a sheet is not a citizen, and he has practically no rights under the law until the next time he goes to court.

Tommy knew about this by hearsay, but he found it out directly for the first time about two months after the trial. He was walking down Halsted street when a black coupe pulled up and two plainclothes policemen got out. Tommy recognized them as having questioned him after he was arrested.

He said, "Look, I'm a citizen now." One of the cops said, "Citizen, hell. We don't like you, Tommy. We'll just take you down and pound some lumps in you." They told him to give them the money he had or he'd have to go to the station.

Tommy had three dollars in his wallet and two fifty-dollar bills pinned to his undershirt. He told them the three bucks was all he had and they started to put him in the car. There was some more arguing, and finally they offered them the hundred dollars; he didn't want to go to the station with them at all.

They told him the hundred wasn't enough; it would take another C-note.

Then they put him in the car and made a tour of the bars and bookies where Tommy is known. They would wait in the car while he went into each place and hit the boss for a loan.

The trip took about two hours, starting from Taylor and Halsted, going up into the Near North Side and then along Clark street and out to the northwest suburbs.

One of the stops, of course, was the Regency. Bill, the owner, has his own system of credit ratings. Tommy is a \$20 man, and that's how much he got. Mike is a \$100 man. This is partly because he's the ringleader of the mob, and also because he doesn't throw all of his money away. He bought a TV set for his mother, and he gives her \$20 or so now and then.

After Tommy had raised the \$200 the cops let him go. But this was only the first of several trips he made with them. He thinks they are allotted a certain percentage of their working time or maybe given the unmarked cars when they're off duty to prowl around looking for known criminals. Tommy and the other members of the mob were picked up so often that Bill started wishing they'd leave town so he wouldn't have to keep paying their ransom. Finally they did go down to Louisville for a while, but they didn't like conditions there and they came back in a few months.

When Tommy would meet the cops in the black coupes, the result wouldn't always be a trip around town. Some policemen would just take what he offered them. Once he got off for \$20. And sometimes, he knew, they would just take you in for questioning without beating you up. But he didn't want to be questioned, because the mob was still operating regularly. And he knew that if he went in with any money hidden, the police would take it. A citizen who is locked up gets a receipt for any money he has; a guy with a sheet doesn't.

The cops have a scale of values just like the bartenders do. Some hoods are worth more than others, and circumstances alter cases. That was the reason Tommy never carried a weapon. If you're "heavy," the ransom goes up. When Tommy finishes his prison term, his status around the Regency will be higher. And so will his payoff when he's picked up.

Tommy doesn't feel bitter toward the police because they shake him down. He figures they have their racket and he has his. But he sees where they have a big advantage. Every time he goes out on a job he risks his life and his liberty. The police have a license to steal.

That's why Tommy would like to be a cop. He has a good friend who was one, but couldn't stick to the rules. The friend, Jim, once made \$5,000 in one night by giving a pass to a ring of dope pushers he was lucky enough to find in action in a hotel room. But he got to cabaretting around the neighborhood a lot and becoming notorious. And he'd make a lot of excuses for staying home from work. His superiors didn't like it and they had him transferred. He was put to patrolling the Lower Level at night with nobody but the rats for company. He quit the force and became a salesman.

THERE'S A LOT of irony in the things that happen to Tommy, Mike and Sid. Some of it showed up in the job about a year ago that put Tommy in prison.

The mob had made many thousands of dollars from various burglaries and robberies, but the only tangible thing they had to show for it was a car Tommy had bought. It was a new DeSoto, very flashy looking, that they all drove around in.

They had always taken stolen cars on their jobs, but this time they took Tommy's, and it was registered in his real name. They were going to break into a butcher shop in one of the western suburbs. They parked about half a block from the place.

They broke open a skylight in the

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roof and got inside all right. But somebody had seen them and called the police. The cops came in the front of the store and the mob went out the back. They could have run back to the alley, but they were afraid the police would be there, too. There was a wall about twelve feet high along one side of the back yard and they went over that and got away.

The only trouble was, they didn't dare go near the car. They separated and all took cabs back into town. But the car was still there, and the longer it stayed the more chance there was that the police would notice it, if they hadn't right away.

Three days after the burglary Tommy went back to get the car. There were four cops on a stake-out waiting for him, two from the city and two from the suburb.

This time Tommy had to go. There was no chance of a payoff, at least not one he could afford, and besides, the square suburban cops were involved.

Tommy's grandfather owns a small warehouse, and he put up the \$2,500 bond and hired lawyers. The lawyers told Tommy the thing to do was to get the case continued for a while so it would cool off and he would have a better chance for acquittal. They seemed to have a set fee of \$500 for each continuance and they acted like they were absolutely sure they could get these continuances. They got four of them, each at the standard fee, and the case dragged out for about seven months. Then Tommy's grandfather ran out of money. The lawyers told Tommy he had a record and, let's face it, he had to take a fall. He got a one to ten year sentence.

TOMMY FEELS the same way about going to prison as he does about paying off the cops; it's one of the risks of his trade. He didn't tell on Mike and Sid, and they're still free, and probably working. Tommy knows they'll do everything they can with money to get him out as fast as possible. He would never get involved in anything like a prison break. Mike and Sid are sorry he had to go, but they show no particular gratitude for the fact that he protected them. They expected it, and they would do the same for him.

When Tommy thinks about his trial, he wonders about the famous North Side fence who got continuances for nearly three years not long ago. He figures they must have cost well over five G's.

He also thinks about his car. After he was captured he proved he owned the car and the police had to give it to him. But he sold it to help pay for the continuances.

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Mansure and the War against Carbon Copies

by John Madigan

all of the government records gathering dust in filing cabinets and desks around the country were suddenly wind-swept into Chicago, it would take ten Merchandise Mart store them. And the pile is growing higher every day.

The Hoover commission had this in mind some time ago when it stuck a pin in official Washington and called on the government to unsnarl itself from a maze of paper work which is costing taxpayers about four billion dollars a year, cutting down the efficiency of federal employes and snafu-ing many an ordinary citizen in a web of red tape.

The government creates and handles some 25 billion pieces of paper each year, exclusive of the tons used in printing manuals, pamphlets, periodicals and the like. The output requires the services of more than 50,000 full-time employes, while 5,000 do nothing else but sort federal offices mail. Some 18 billion of these "created" papers are printed or mimeographed forms. A billion are individual letters. Federal agencies produce for their own use about 27,000 reports each year.

It was on the basis of these frightening statistics that the Hoover commission recommended that President Eisenhower establish a government-wide "paper work management program" and direct his top officials to support it.

But all of the planning in the world wouldn't assure accomplishment without some central authority to direct the job—someone with both the ability and the will to keep the project itself from degenerating into

nothing more than another dusty government record.

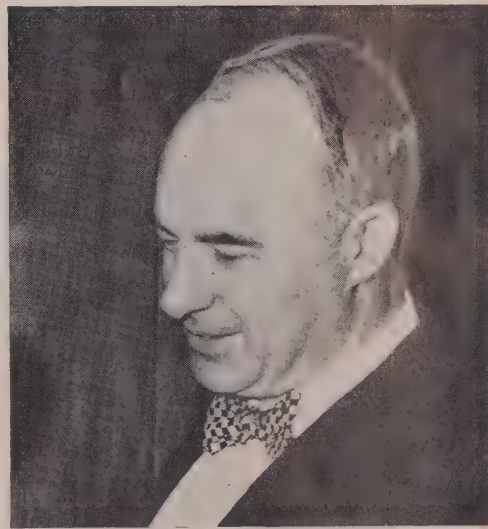
Considering the specifications, it was only natural that the chore should fall to Chicagoan Edmund F. Mansure, who, as administrator of the 27,000-man General Services administration, has become known as Uncle Sam's chief housekeeper. Small, hard-working Mansure is, in a manner of speaking, himself a creature of the first Hoover commission. It was on that body's recommendation that GSA was created by Congress in 1949. Mansure became its head two years ago and has won the distinction of being one of the tightest men with an official dollar in the Eisenhower administration.

His aides say his middle initial really stands for Frugal rather than Forsman. He puts himself and his agency to the first test on any new economy plan he may devise. And to help keep his long-distance telephone bill to a respectable sum he has a three-minute egg timer standing guard on his desk.

"MONEY IS MADE to be spent," Mansure says, "but not to be wasted. There's a big difference between the two."

Under Mansure's leadership "waste" has become as horrid a word in his far-flung operations as "cancer" is to a cigaret manufacturer. The GSA centralizes all of the government's vast housekeeping chores. It buys more than 1,500,000 different kinds of non-military items, and its total purchase of goods and supplies totals about \$430,000,000 a year.

A dozen GSA warehouses all over



Edmund F. Mansure
United Press photo

the country house some 10,000 of the most common items used regularly by the Government. But the inventory runs to the bizarre side, also. Mansure has sent an entire water system to the nation of Lebanon, and has dispatched firecrackers to Eskimos in Alaska to frighten wolves away from the reindeer.

Among surplus goods he has sold for the government have been lobster ponds (three acres at \$3,505) and a precision-bombing range (6,582 acres at \$16,500). In addition to his purchasing and selling duties, Mansure is in charge of 5,590 federal buildings from coast to coast, stores more than 50 billion copies of paper, from the original copy of the Declara-

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tion of Independence to your income-tax returns, and stockpiles nearly 100 strategic materials ranging from sperm oil to opium.

The administrator, drawing on his successful career as a textile manufacturer, handles his hydra-headed office with none of the appurtenances of hysteria and false starts so frequently attached to a tax-paid operation. "It's our money we're spending," is the way Mansure puts it. He tries to see that it is expended as judiciously as it would be in private business. We have a mammoth operation in government. The way to keep it running smoothly and at a minimum of expense is to have a regular routine for every portion of it and see that it is followed."

Mansure put an end to loose buying procedure which often found one agency buying new an item which another agency was selling second-hand as surplus. Now GSA coordinates buying and selling operations, often cancelling out the need for either by transferring items from one branch to another.

The knowledge of how to handle work and money came early to Mansure. Born March 14, 1901, in Chicago, he was educated at Dartmouth college, Kent College of Law and Northwestern university before being admitted to the Illinois bar in 1927. But from the time he was 14 years old the academic years were punctuated with work needing both hands and head.

The E. L. Mansure Co., founded by his father, was a growing manufacturer of upholstery fabrics and draperies when young Ed started work there as a mill boy in 1915. Granted that his father was the boss, the energetic soft-spoken son literally learned the business from the ground up. He resigned as chairman of the board of directors to accept the appointment with GSA. (The company recently merged with Joanna Western Mill and now operates plants in Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Bluefield, Virginia).

Adlai Stevenson is Libertyville's most prominent political figure. But his neighbor, Mansure, has been active longer — as a Republican, of course. He served as treasurer of the Illinois Republican Central committee in 1938, was always a good fund raiser and, in the years immediately preceding the 1952 presidential race, became an off-stage power with the Cook County organization. Illinois was "The country" at the convention, but Mansure, like most other political veterans, made a smooth switch when Eisenhower got the delegates' nod.

It is not clear specifically who p

osed Mansure for the GSA post. There is no doubt that his selection as part of the reward doled out to Illinois for giving Eisenhower a 433,007 vote margin over Stevenson. But party leaders, including Governor Patton, Senator Everett M. Dirksen and National Committeeman C. Wayne Brooks, agreed that he was eminently qualified for the office.

One of Mansure's first targets on coming to Washington was the so-called "influence peddler." It was amazing, Mansure says, how many people believed ("and some still do") that in order to do business with the government "you have to know somebody."

He circulated a pamphlet thruout the country explaining how to sell to Uncle Sam, pointing out the proper steps, and warning: "You don't have to know someone. Contact us!" GSA maintains twelve business service centers around the country to handle "selling" problems, and has "resident representatives" in more than 100 cities. Wherever possible the "one-stop" system has been instituted to make it easier for the businessman.

LET'S SAY you are a Chicagoan and you manufacture office furniture. As Mansure explains it: "You go directly to the business service center on the fifth floor of the Federal building (the post office) to inquire about bid invitations. If the Chicago office doesn't do the buying of these items and it is necessary to go to Washington, one of our people in Chicago will give you the name of the buyer you are to see in the capital, furnish you his room number and make an appointment for you.

"There is no reason for paying anyone any percentage for 'influence.' Contracts are awarded on a low-bid basis — taking into consideration, of course, the ability of the seller to meet certain qualifications regarding his product. It is amazing how we still have difficulty driving into people's heads, even some Congressmen and Senators, how simple the whole procedure is."

Mansure is a fiend for simplification. He whittled down the cost of office space that federal agencies were renting by moving many of them back into federal buildings. Some of these moves pointed up the problem which the Hoover commission and President Eisenhower have now given him to tackle — the accumulation of papers and records. He stepped up the destruction program for outdated and needless records. The results can be seen in the fact that the government bought 97,000 filing cabinets in 1952, but only 9,000 in 1954.

Last year was the first in a long time when the government disposed of almost as many records as it accumulated. This year Mansure hopes to reverse the trend once and for all. How does he plan to tackle the big problem? Primarily it will be a program of education — a studied effort to point out the extent of the waste involved. "If we can furnish government people sound reasons for conservation they'll be glad to go along," Mansure says.

He'll break the program down on a regional basis and then lead the way. The first signpost will be one stressing the present needless length of many government letters. "Whenever possible," Mansure insists, "all letters should be only one page. And instead of two pages, why not write on the back of the first? Another thing is high-sounding governmental or legal language. I think our correspondence should sound like our speech. If the expression 'nuts,' for instance, fits in conversation, put it in the letter, too."

Mansure also hopes to extend to the entire government a practice he has introduced into GSA — the mailing of only the original of a letter instead of an original and one carbon copy, as is often done. He'll also urge curtailing over-duplication of letters, interoffice correspondence and records, as well as the elimination of needless written expansion by lower echelons of directives from superiors.

The administrator has his work cut out for him, but he's looking forward to the "paper management" assignment with considerable eagerness. He throws his hands over his head in amazement as he says, "Do you realize that the cost of paper work to the government — more than four billion dollars annually — is almost equal to the complete federal budget in 1930?"

IT IS TOO SOON to forecast how long Mansure's job will take. It would be foolhardy to set overly optimistic goals. But he feels certain a year's time will show some marked improvement. He has established precedents in his own agency for such confidence. In 1953 GSA effected savings and economies totaling \$130,600,000. Last year it hit a new high, cutting costs by \$147,600,000.

There is only one chink in the administrator's professional armor of frugality. His office, which was once occupied by that powerful Democrat, Harold Ickes, before the Department of the Interior got its own building, is one of the most spacious in Washington. A rancher once crossed its threshold with the exclamation, "Man, how would you like to have this full of hay!"

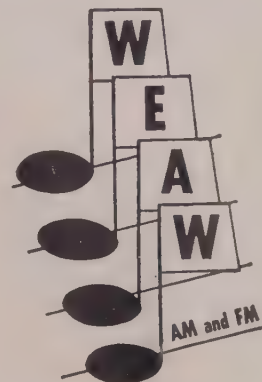


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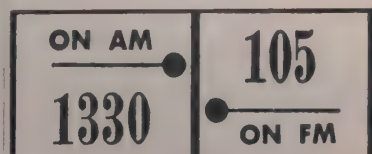
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cool and collected

In and Out of the House

by Donald James Anderson



One of the quickest ways to make a house look cooler is to clear away the clutter. To make this easy, designers are thinking up quite a variety of storage units for the home—from intricate built-ins to handsome chests to go into rooms of any period—cool modern to the traditional trends again in great favor.

Interior and furnishings in the sleek room at the top of the page are by Knoll Associates. Along the back walls are cabinets that come with legs or without, to group separately or as one continuous unit.

Directly above, cases in walnut or birch, with roll-up tambour doors of thermoset plastic, designed by Jens Risom. To its right, a room divider of Philippine mahogany, by John C. Keal—one drawer with let-down front makes a desk. The sculptured legs extend almost to the top of the piece, forming a sturdy support. Below right, Eames storage units in bright colors on steel frames, various sizes for versatile combination.





The timeless charm of a Paul McCobb design is apparent in the unit chests with brass legs, above, made of mahogany and available in finishes including sandrift, walnut, teak, saffron. Traditional exterior masks a di-functional chest by the John Jiddicomb Company, above right.

Someone has estimated that an average American family accumulates 10,000 different articles in its scattered closets



and shelves. One way to pull the storage space together has been offered for the past 10 years by Henry Wright and Robert Picking: their celebrated StorageWall is available with units including a drop-down desk, bar, music equipment, ad infinitum. There are endless combination possibilities and most have brightly colored interiors. Below is the section for clothing, one part of the complete wall which can replace one wall or serve as a room divider.



Art and function meet in Gio Ponti's chest with the Mondrian-like pattern of drawer pulls that stand out in relief. This piece, made of walnut, is adaptable like many others to the uses of bedroom, dining room or any room in need of both a handsome touch and storage area.

For information as to where these items may be purchased, telephone Service department, CHICAGO: Michigan 2-6574.





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"LIFETIME" POLICY... See your doctor every year for a thorough check-up, no matter how well you may feel.

"DAY-TO-DAY" POLICY... See your doctor immediately at the first sign of any one of the seven danger signals that may mean cancer (1) Any sore that does not heal (2) A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere (3) Unusual bleeding or discharge (4) Any change in a wart or a mole

(5) Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing (6) Persistent hoarseness or cough, and (7) Any change in normal bowel habits.

Many cancers can be cured, but only if properly treated *before* they have begun to spread or "colonize" in other parts of the body.

For more information, call the American Cancer Society office nearest you or write to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office.

American Cancer Society





Canoe country

by Earl Finberg

Among the city's farther playgrounds must be counted a vast, empty park. Its gate, some 10 miles north and west, is a mining town with a rusty-hinge name: Ely, Minnesota.

From Ely (113 road miles north of Duluth) or nearby Winton, Chigoans join other inlanders, Easterners and not a few foreign visitors playing Indian. Outfitted at any one of five places thereabouts with canoes, duffle and grub, and slung with camera, binoculars and creel, cool clad adventurers assault the wilderness, usually with a guide to guide, nurture and comfort them. They can choose from a limitless series of tours over navigable lakes and streams, in almost trackless forest. One day or two out of Ely, they can travel for weeks without encountering another human, for this is canoe country—a wilderness chain-stitched by at least 7,000 lakes.

Sprawling over five million acres, this tract is the twilight zone of Ben Franklin's border dividing the United States from Canada between Lake Superior and Rainy lake. In this country its name is the Superior National Forest of Minnesota and in Canada it's the Quetico Provincial park of Ontario. Together they are called the International Peace Memorial forest. At the million-acre extent of it—innocent settlement, a green hole on the map is known as the roadless area and traced only by the interlake system named the Voyageur's highway by sea publicists.

That sort of allusion is the kind of thing the people most at home in the Quetico-Superior roadless area revel in—except the professional guides. Something about the forest fastness

brings out the aesthetic naturalism in a man who leaves an office to become a clean living camper for two weeks. Canoe country is for the self-reliant, the woodcrafty, those thoughtful of lower forms of life—the poetic heirs of the *coureurs de bois*. Its appeal is to those who like their pleasure stark, but not raw; its lure is strongest for those who find it sublime, but not stupendous. The Articulate Communer finds a tonic in the wilds, along with exegeses on Thoreau. The Silent Watcher thinks of it as the haunt of the loon and shivers empathically as the laughing, lonesome bird call typifies the wildness of primeval nature.

Both resent the inroads made by clods who once flew into the wilderness only to fish, who knew nothing of "recreation in the root sense" and who still use outboard motors instead of paddling their own. Aluminum canoes with air chambers may be tolerated for their convenience and safety, but they are sickly substitutes for the birch barques that bore Hiawatha across broad Gitchi Gumee and made it possible for fur-trading *voyageurs* to leave their lobstersticks marking the 36 portages between Rainy lake and Grand Portage 45 years before the American Revolution.

ONE WRITER, a Harvard graduate with an important position in the publishing business in Boston, "hereinafter" refers to his wife as the Bow Paddle, when north of Ely. In relating his experiences he discourses on the resemblances of loon and grebe, quotes venerable observations on the virtues of nature and concludes with thanks for conservation groups "fighting to preserve the area from dispossession."

Another author, in a ruder style,

demands the best in people for the wilderness, which seems to mean using only primitive equipment, for he complains:

"There is another way to take a trip into this country. Go to Ely. Hire a plane and have it drop you at one of the lakes on one of the privately owned parcels up in the lakes. Hire a lake guide and a rowboat with a kicker, and take some beer along. Fish and drink the beer. Fly back to Ely. Go home and show the pictures to the boys at the plant. It proves something. A man who goes into the woods for pleasure by plane or motor is the kind of Joe who sucks his teeth and gets loud on three drinks."

No one can fly in any more, of course. The teeth suckers lost out to the Thoreau quoters in 1952, when President Truman made it illegal to fly over the area at an altitude of less than 4,000 feet, neatly precluding any service more convenient than parachute landings at "privately owned parcels" in the lakes.

Owners of the parcels with resort accommodations, outfits with an ax to grind—the Ely Chamber of Commerce, for one—and some bush pilots hate the air ban, and have fought it with red tooth and wild nail, but the wilderness is still safe for those who never ever suck their teeth and who quietly pass out on two drinks.

So, beyond Basswood lake and its launch and tow services, the tepee-top of the nation is crossed by weaponless hunters coursing for the mere sight of beaver, moose, pileated woodpecker and giddy loon. A few misguided anglers try the crystal deeps for muskellunge, and a covey of Boy Scouts can be flushed by following its spoor of Hershey wrappers and

insecticide bottles; but beyond the few worn loops of Sunday portages there are a hundred each of windfalls and deadfalls for every canoe, and a million each of mosquitoes and no-see-ums



Courtesy American Automobile Ass'n

for every human. (The no-see-um infests portages, but is most often found only on the last one before coming home. Its unfelt bites bleed freely, but it is only on return to civilization that the poisons around the hairline work their grotesqueries of swellings and exquisite itchings).

Since the Secretary of State designated the Quetico-Superior vastness as a wilderness area in 1926 — Theodore Roosevelt made it a park in 1909 — this artificial Arcadia has been a northern lodestone. The very names on canoe maps destroy the objections of the romanticist inclined to ignore the frequency of symbols showing the presence, and sanguine guesses as to the length, of portages, where everything has to be taken out of the canoe and everything — including the canoe — must be carried over very rough terrain to the next water.

How can the appealing names on a necklace of lakes within a day's travel of Ely reveal that Shade, Noon, Summer and Sultry lakes are in reality a fished-out Sunday swing of burned-over pot holes?

And for Savoyards the area has its Yum-Yum and inaccessible Poo-Bah lakes; for positivists, there are This Man's, That Man's, Other Man's and

No Man's lakes; for empiricists, Lake One, Lake Two, Lake Three; for realists, more Mud lakes than Round lakes.

The geography and history of this placeless, timeless expanse seduce. By starting on the rim of the area, a latter-day Richard Halliburton can spit into three rivers during one day's travel, and know that — because this is the ridgepole of the continent, at its crown as well as its center — the waters will carry the expectations eventually to the Atlantic ocean, by way of the Great Lakes; to the Gulf of Mexico, along the Mississippi river; to the Arctic ocean, via Lake Winnipeg and Hudson bay. The evergreen and canoe birch forest rests thinly on the weathered Canadian shield, a broad expanse of rock of pre-Cambrian age, the oldest part of the earth's exposed, battered crust: a billion years old — plus 710,000,000 years or minus 52,000,000 years; not all the experts use the same calendar.

No one would call the region's history rich, but it has an indigenous charm. Radisson and Groseilliers trekked here three centuries ago. The director of the Wilderness society can slip on the same peat moss as they did while he looks in vain for the shorn pine the *voyageur* called a *mai*, marking the portage fall of land. Its disappearance is all that has changed.

In 1680, Du Luht passed by on his way to rescue Father Hennepin from the Sioux and in 1740 Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Varendrye quested the Northwest passage.

OTHER INDUCEMENTS include the fishing. Salmon trout and muskies — the big ones — abound principally in the brochures; what can be caught are torpid walleyes, bony northern pike and snakey pickerel. Moose are rarely met, but camp robbers include insects, birds, rodents and bears. It is not unsporting to rig a bear alarm nightly, and a loose pile of kettles over tempting food might save the bacon from a marauding cub, which, by upsetting the pots, will awaken the camp to shoo it away.

Not everyone feels the same about the unspoiling of the wilds. Some resort keepers in the area, who have grossed up to \$750,000 in a short season by catering to fishermen and vacationists, can work up a sense of righteous indignation over hindrances. They damn the air ban, and do not bless the refusal of state conservation authorities to let them use the padlocked logging roads that thrust a commercial thumb into the wilderness pie.

A move to unlock four miles of road within the boundary of the roadless area brought protests to the St. Louis

county board from the Izaak Walton league; the President's Quetico-Superior committee; the Balkan Agricultural club; the West Mesaba Horticultural society, the Hibbing Chamber of Commerce; the Ely Rod and Gun club; the United Northern Sportsmen, and the Friends of the Wilderness. Seven Ontario organizations are pledged to uphold the fight on their side of the line.

The Friends of the Wilderness gloat over the fact that the Truman air space reservation is "working out splendidly." They take credit for snitching on "three or four" violators of the 4,000-foot law. They instruct canoers to turn in any low fliers, reporting the plane's license number, color, type, direction, time and date to the U.S. forest service. Experience has proved, they say, "that if a license number can be read on the aircraft from the ground with the naked eye, then the plane is below the prescribed ceiling and is in violation of the air space reservation."

Around Duluth, people perk up at talk about what the St. Lawrence seaway will do for the Head of the Lakes area, and the deep, rich red of the region's life blood is a color derived from the mountains of iron ore just below the wilderness. But the Friends of the Wilderness are glad that diamond drilling at Half Way ranger station — parlous close to roadless country — was disappointing, that drilling failed at Man's Lake in the Quetico and that all taconite development has been outside the dedicated land.

Not everyone is so elated. State Senator Herbert Rogers of Duluth would re-examine the air ban. Shaking an independent finger to the East and South, he says: "We don't need Washington or a bunch of Chicago millionaires telling us how to run Minnesota."

Canoe country has an indisputable lure: the temptation to see what is beyond the next spur of lichen-laden rock jutting into the bleak landscape is irresistible and infinitely available.

It is possible to derive a kind of grim satisfaction from having found the unmarked portage, from having paddled the course marked on the map in the time estimated and from having slept dry every night altho it rained every day for a full week. Tea tastes better at the end of a long portage than ever it did to a Zen master; a bed of balsam boughs assuages the burn of muscles tortured at the paddle and birch smoke is sharp sauce for breakfast appetites. And in the night as one's island rock disputes the power of water, the lulling, lapping mesmerizes the man in the sleeping bag into agreeing that this is "the finest residence of uncivilized man."

The Onion Patch



A new refinement of the key club business has been uncovered since the article on those institutions of high finance was published in the last issue of this magazine. Lots of people have keys to the south door at the aslight club, but only Burton Browne, the key figure there, can open the north portal. After all of the present members have reached the public assistance rolls by paying \$1.25 a drink, a holocaust may swallow up the place. In that event, Browne can slip quietly thru his private exit and begin enrolling a whole new tribe of previously untapped tycoons.

STATE SENATOR William J. Connors has long been regarded as the unchallengeable boss of the 42nd ward. But it now appears that a subtle palace revolution may be in progress. Every day the increasing influence of the senator's daughter, Dorsey, becomes more evident in the community. Recently a group of little boys were seen looping a basketball against the wall of a garage on Chestnut street. Their target was a bent-out metal coat hanger.

PUBLISHING ARTICLES on wiretapping are rapidly becoming a journalistic rite as compulsory as recording the exciting ins and outs of Arthur Godfrey and the dubious talent that makes up his kaleidoscopic family. It was inevitable, therefore, that the organ of mid-century enlightenment known as *Confidential* would get into the act. Not content with disclosing isolated abuses, the editors announced that satire exchanges are being tapped, and listed them specifically for all of the larger cities. If your number begins with RAndolph 4 or 5, be careful what you say.

THE CHRISTENING of the new sightseeing launch, the *Streamliner Wendella*, will go down in nautical archives as one of the most sensible events of its kind ever held. When the young lady who was to do the honors twice failed to shatter a bottle of champagne across the bow, she was allowed to substitute a more brittle vial of ginger ale. The crew then took the cham-

pagne to the pilot house and consumed it during the maiden voyage to Grant park harbor.

A sumptuous smorgasbord prepared by a Swedish delicatessen was served aboard the *Streamliner*. On the way out she passed a moored Scandinavian freighter, the crew of which was eating hot dogs.

THE ILLINOIS BELL Telephone Co., it has long been apparent, is an estimable institution. Not only that, it is a friend in need—it stands ready to do all kinds of remedial things in case of flood, fire, famine or seiche. It is also occasionally perverse, as witness two recent developments:

1) The company has made it known that the first instruments in this area from which long distance numbers can be dialed will be installed in Northbrook. This is the stuff of which dreams are shattered. The Loop executive, returning to his placid suburban ranch house to get his frayed nerves restrung, will now find that his castle forms the center of a copper web binding San Francisco, New York, Miami Beach, Houston and other cities into one huge super-congested whole.

2) A North Side couple who will be known here as Margaret and Dave, since those are their names, were awakened one morning by a man bearing classified phone books. He told the lady of the house that she should give him the old Red Book and he would present her with the new one. It happens, however, that Margaret and Dave do not use phone books. They live in a very small apartment where a foot of space is worth saving. They keep a little notebook with the numbers of their friends and the business phones they are likely to call. This being the case, Margaret informed the man that she had no old Red Book, nor did she desire a new one.

"But you have to take it," he protested angrily.

Margaret now became irritated, too, and pointedly enlightened him on that matter.

With that the man turned conciliatory and said, "Please take it, even if you throw it away." He leaned the

Red Book against the door and departed. That afternoon the janitor came and took it away.

A HIGHLY GLAMORIZED portrait of Jack Muller, the anxious traffic policeman, has been hanging in a photographer's studio in the middle of Muller's domain. A red convertible parked illegally nearby was hung with four tickets on a recent night. Two were attached to each windshield wiper and they were fanned out artistically to form a neat X-shaped pattern. All of them, of course, were autographed by Frownin' Jack.

WHEN THE MODELS of Mies van der Rohe's forthcoming aluminum skyscrapers were photographed, little artificial trees two or three stories high were duly placed in the foreground. Somebody looked at one of the pictures and remarked that apparently the project would include the world's largest ming tree.

AND NOW, A WORD from John S. Knight, the sage of Detroit, Miami, Akron, Charlotte and west Madison street: "It was not long after Yalta that Roosevelt's death let the world know one reason why he had shown so little judgement. But that does not excuse him or his advisers." Or Fala.

The Editor's Notebook often yields more poetry than truth, which makes it the converse of this verse:

A Reader's Guide to Daily Literature

They're mad at the Rhodes
scholarshippers again
At 435 upper Michigan.

And hardly a Democrat's still alive
At 211 west Wacker drive.

On Madison street at the corner
of Wacker,
There's news on page one, and no
farther backer.

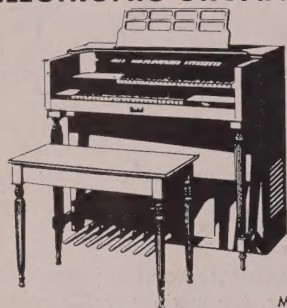
Across the river that writer
does penance
Who sneaks over seven words
into a sentence.

— A. W.

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Readers & Writers

AM Is No Escape

Sir: Read with interest "Unlocking the Key Clubs" [June] and regret to inform you that I found the reference to my broadcasts from the Opera club to be irreverent, immaterial, definitely derisive, thoroly scurrilous, and also not quite long enough.

What I mean is, who figured out that my listenership late at night is "about as private as the most exclusive key clubs," huh? Anyone may listen without being recommended by another listener or filling out an application blank or leaving \$100 on deposit with me.

If the author was merely trying to say that the audience is small, I can again prove him wrong: I checked with one of the most exclusive key clubs as to the number of its members and I can show Mr. Asbell indignant letters from listeners amounting to that number plus three.

And finally, that great journalistic inaccuracy, the sin of omission: It is true that "Drews at the Blue Angel" is broadcast Monday thru Friday nights at 11 p.m. on WEAW-FM, but why keep from your readers the information that the program is tape recorded for rebroadcast on WEAW-AM at 1:30 the following afternoon on a Monday-thru-Friday basis?

BOB DREWS

The Poet, Yes

Sir: Am hoping next two years will be good as the past two. All time you get better.

CARL SANDBURG

Stay Out of Glenview . . .

Sir: "Buying a House Means Choosing a School" [May] was an excellent article, and it offered several valuable tips to the prospective home buyer. However, the statistical table and the reference to teacher load implied an inaccurate picture of the school situation at least as far as Glenview is concerned.

In Glenview the grade schools present an entirely different picture from the 14.31 students per teacher in our high school. My son's second grade class has more than 40 pupils in it.

School District 34 (Glenview area) has already taxed to the limit of the law (\$1.12% per \$100 valuation). The bonding power is at the legal limit. Another new school is being built this summer. When it opens in the fall it will be filled to capacity with children who already live in the district.

Let the buyer beware of Glenview! Yes, the school buses will stop right at the corner and take your children to the beautiful new schools - which are not only full, but overflowing.

BARBARA CLARK,
Westbrook P.T.A.

. . . But Not Proviso

Sir: What gives with the table of comparative figures on Cook county high school districts ["Buying a House Means Choosing a School"] on page 47 of your May issue? I am a 1950 graduate of Proviso and quite prejudiced in its favor. However, it is no prejudice to smell something fishy about the \$28,029 assessed valuation per student in our district. . . happens to be the lowest figure in that entire column. Lowest - when we are one of Chicago's most thriving suburban industrial centers, when we possess the largest railroad yards in the world!

I quote from the publication, "Survey Report - Proviso Township High School," which was prepared by the University of Chicago: "The assessed valuation of district 209 in 1953 was \$223,204,000. The wealth back of each student enrolled in the district in 1953 was approximately \$62,500." This is a far cry from \$28,029 stated by Mr. Fisher.

I'm pretty proud of Proviso township and its high school. I'd like to continue seeing people flock out here to live.

RAYMOND RAPPUNH,
Melrose Park

Reader Rappuhn's defense of his alma mater is more than justified. Due to a clerical error, \$28,029 was substituted for the correct 1954 figure of \$72,336. Proviso ranks twelfth, not last, among the suburban high school districts.

Sweet Talk

Sir: Why I had not renewed my subscription? I think the kindest thing I can say is that reading CHICAGO is rather like eating cotton candy.

ALEC MONROE

We're Glad, Too

Sir: Congratulations on your objective articles about Congressman Dawson ["The Boss of Bronzeville" - June]. When the newspapers write about a politician, they usually classify him as either a good guy or a bad guy and then try to prove it. They don't seem to realize that politicians are human beings and that therefore all of them have their virtues and their faults. I'm glad you people don't see it that way. And I hope you keep on giving your readers this kind of real reporting.

PRECINCT CAPTAIN

Twist Our Arms

Sir: In my opinion there is spark of real genius in "Man This the End" [May], and the illustrations were fine. All of your young authors are promising, but "man this is the best" yet. Please let us have more.

RUTH M. SANDERSON